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A Year of Travel

—
HENLEY

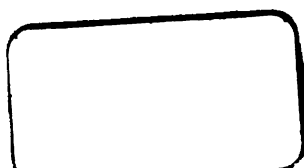
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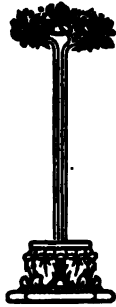
A YEAR OF TRAVEL



RANDOM NOTES OF A TRIP AROUND THE
WORLD—JUNE, 1911 TO JUNE 1912



BY
ANNIE L. HENLEY



BIRMINGHAM PUBLISHING CO.

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1912

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Having read these letters with keen interest and a deep appreciation of their value, we, to whom they are addressed, have prevailed upon the traveler to allow them to be put in this permanent form, that others might enter with us into the added pleasure of a second and third reading.

A YEAR OF TRAVEL

"High road and by road, blatant road and shy road,
Paths of all the universe, old roads and new,
For me there's only one way, a green, foamy waterway
Whose end for me is Arcady, for it leads to home and you."

MY wanderings have ended. For nearly a year I have traveled in strange lands. There were deprivations which are already slipping from my mind, for the satisfaction derived from visiting foreign countries more than compensates for all inconveniences endured, and in travel there is much learning. The joy of being able to let life break out in ripples—pleasing, helpful and healthful—before the dull quiet of age claims us, is worth a great deal; and, too, association with many delightful fellow-voyagers broadens one's sympathies, and one realizes the good in all.

Often my heart hungered for home, familiar scenes, and those I love, and for the valley where wandering winds caught the tremulous, fluttering leaves in autumn, and the pine boughs sighed in the breeze. The beauty and sweetness of spring, the fragrance of thousands of wild flowers, all these came to me like faint, sweet music—an echo from that far-away time when I carried a wreath to crown the Queen of May, and later when I laid them on the graves of the dear departed.

These were the moments when I wondered if it was worth the time and trouble wandering among strangers with a heart hungering for my boys, but the satisfaction that was mine when the home hurts died away made me brave.

In no country visited was I disappointed; humble, common-place or sublime, there was charming variety everywhere.

I have stood in temples which date back to a past so remote that the mind fails to grasp the long lapse of time; I have mused on the banks of that mysterious river Nile, where the baby Moses was found in the rushes; I dream of the Rameses, the plagues, Pharoah and the Red sea. My pictures are animated, grand and gorgeous. Some are quiet, too, and restful, framed for me alone; some faint, and shadowy; others stand out in bold relief.

Now the weather-vane of my life has ceased its shifting moods. It points straight toward the sunset route. In less than two weeks I hope to see the shores of my own country, where I will drink deep breaths of calm, sweet gladness. The wind will touch my brow softly like a benediction, while the heart sends forth a voiceless prayer of thanks—for this is America, my own, my native land.

Alaska

LITTLE did I dream when I boarded the train at Birmingham, Ala., June 8, 1911, for Aberdeen, Wash., and, later, for a two months' stay in Los Angeles, California, that I would make a tour of the world and be absent a year, but so it proved.

Aboard the Canadian Pacific we sped through North Dakota, which stretches immeasurably far in one broad, green sward, dotted here and there with bright red houses and windmills with one variation—Valley City—a prosperous town nestled at the foot of a small group of hills, shut in from the winds, a perfect picture of contentment. Veiled in mist, overhung with two rainbows, a gorgeous sunset and a twilight till 9:30 o'clock is how we saw it, and how we entered the Canadian portal, McTaggart, where land and sky meet.

Then came Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat; later Calgary on a hill-girt plateau overlooked by the white peaks of the Rockies; on through valleys with herds of horses and flocks of sheep, past the Stoney Indians, within sound of the roar of "Kamanaskis Falls," then "The Gap," the entrance to the Rocky Mountains, now beside foaming, tumultuous mountain torrents, through gorges, in view of Wind Mountain, Pigeon Mountain and "Three Sisters." These fantastically broken heights and snow-laden peaks, in which haze and shadow of gorgeous coloring lie engulfed, form a scene of greatest beauty in all the world.

We reach Banff at an altitude of 4,521 feet. This is the Canadian National Park, and Hot Springs, a reservation of 5,732 square miles, being nearly half as large again as Yellowstone Park. We pass 800 acres in which are said to be a hundred buffalo, and which encage the various animals of the Rockies. Mountains on all sides—Pilot, Castle, State Storm, Ball—towering one over the other up to the isolated, helmet-shaped "Temple," 11,626 feet—the grandest of them

all. Here we alight to spend the night at Lake Louise, going two and a half miles by carriage from the station, Laggan. Nowhere in Europe, Asia or Africa have I seen more beautiful scenery. Another day's ride with mountains on the edge of Lakes Summit, Victor and Griffin, through Peachland and Summerland with orchards and vineyards, over bridges spanning ravines and torrent paths as green as emerald, cliffs of richest yellow, streaked and dashed with maroon, and then an olive green grass slope over which hangs a sky of deepest violet—indescribable beauty. Thompson Canyon, Fraser River, and then Vancouver, British Columbia, with only ten minutes for the Seattle boat.

A six hours' ride and we land at Victoria. After two hours we take a boat on Puget Sound for Seattle, reaching there in five hours, or at 10 p. m., just as dark came on. You all know Seattle, so I'll not linger to introduce you, but go aboard the "Jefferson" for an "Inside Passage" to what is called Southeastern Alaska.

This vast territory, geographically speaking, is divided into three important districts, each remote from the other, and contains an area of vast dimensions. Southeastern Alaska is that portion extending along the Pacific coast from Dixon Entrance north to Mt. St. Elias. The coast line is a succession of rugged hills, and the "Inside Passage" is formed by the waterway between these hills and many islands. The two other routes are called the Southwestern and the Nome St. Michael routes.

The "Inside Passage" is an ocean tour covering about two thousand three hundred miles, which takes from nine to eleven days. We were out eleven days. During the entire trip the steamer is never out of sight of land, traversing as it does its route to the Northwest, the coast of British Columbia and Alaska, among hundreds of islands that lie along the coast. The first day out as we entered Seymour Narrows, we

saw the steamship Spokane, a wreck of three days, from which the pleasure passengers barely escaped with their lives—three met death—and not a garment, save the few they had on at midnight, when the rush of the incoming and outgoing waters formed a whirlpool which dashed her against the wall of rock. We, one hundred and fifty passengers, for a moment wished ourselves on land; but with flags floating in the strong breeze, and dining room draped in American flags in honor of Independence Day, and recollections of other Fourth of July, when the same national songs were sung and we were all girls and boys, the disaster was set aside.

We landed first at Metlatakhla, the Indian village where only one white man lives, "Father Duncan," eighty years of age, with hair as white as the snow on the near-by mountain, and who for thirty-five years has been an exile from his home in England as a missionary, but is happy in the rewards of his labor. Fifty strong, we called on him and he gave an interesting talk on his people with the meaning of many of their words. An umbrella they call a "web-footed hat;" a boat a "duck." In three hours we stopped again at Ketchikan, peopled by industrious mining and business men. Here we saw totem poles and basket work and enjoyed the walk up Ketchikan Creek.

On to Wrangel, Douglas or Treadwell, one of the leading gold mines in Alaska and one of the world's great producers. A guide meets the boat to conduct the passengers through the works, where we found the process of separating gold and sand and the stamping mill very interesting. In a half hour we were in Juneau, the capital of Alaska. It offers mountain climbing, visits to its glaciers, hunting and fishing. In the early morning we anchored beside Petersburg, nestled close to the water, backed by snow-tipped peaks. We moved through narrows, straights beside wooded islands and towering mountains to Skagway at the Northern end of the steamer route. It offers a

special invitation to Mount Dewey and Denver Glacier, a visit to Dyea at the foot of the Dyea Pass, over which, during the fall of 1897, thousands of men literally crawled on their way to the Klondyke. Some took the White Pass and Yukon railroad for White Horse at the head of the Yukon river. I preferred a ride in a wagon drawn by the dogs of Alaska.

Here the steamer returned Southward to Sitka, the ancient Russian capital, one of the quaintest old towns in the new world. Here the Indians with their customs and industries form quite a feature of the population. We walked three miles to the Indian graveyard to see the totem poles, some of which had been at the St. Louis exposition. The Museum, Greek Catholic Church, Block House, and curios kept us busy several hours. Now we pass Haines (Fort William H. Seward) on Lynn Canal, the most beautiful part of the trip, and in front of the Taku Glacier, a great white wedge in the canyon, towering miles above the water, and correspondingly as far beneath the water—an azure blue peak of ice at the foot of a mountain of snow.

We venture within a fourth of a mile of it and would have frozen but for the blankets from our beds in addition to our heaviest clothing. Passing Davidson Glacier again, we think it compares favorably with Taku Glacier. It is said to be "dead," because not floating. Here are artists in numbers, all busy trying to reproduce this wonderful beauty, an impossible task, I would say. Photographers find here the most remarkable light effects in the world. With the captain at the helm we are going through Peril Straight, where the little islands almost touch; but for the much snow one would be reminded of the Thousand Islands. We move through channels and fords, pass wooded islands.

The forested shore lines, green with cedar and fir, rise in many places almost abruptly to snow-capped mountains, all the shades and tints of the different

colors. Of richer hue than ever stood the towering cotton wood tree in its dark green verdure with flowers in tints from faintest pink to deepest scarlet. Over the water hung the willows dressed in the palest green, watching their reflected image in the mirror below, or washing the tips of their branches in the rippling waves. Between were the waters of "Excursion Inlet."

Another night and again we see Seymour Narrows; we had forgotten the ill-fated Spokane with so much beauty and life about us. I should have told you of the numerous fishing and canning stations on the way; at the entrance of Excursion Inlet is the largest salmon cannery in the United States. We saw the salmon raised from the boats in nets up to the cannery, where in fifteen minutes Indian men and women dressed, sliced, cooked, canned and labeled them for shipping.

The Alaska Indian resembles the Chinese in size, color, and features—they live in huts like the Esquimaux, but few speak English. They are industrious and are said to be honest; the old women weave baskets for which they ask exorbitant prices, and expect to get the half they ask. We were told that the art of basket weaving would pass with the old women, since the young women find it too tedious and uninteresting, preferring to be with the men in the canneries, where pay comes oftener, if less. We were told of the grizzly, brown, glacier and black bears in the mountains, but the common black bear we saw frequently on the coast line, none other. Eagles, vultures, mountain sheep and mountain goats were numerous. From the earliest occupation of the country by the Russians, mining has been carried on in Alaska, but not till July, 1897, when the ship brought to an American port \$2,500,000 in gold dust, followed the next day by another steamer with \$1,500,000, did Alaska become famous. Mining is still carried on at Nome, Dawson, Fairbanks and Seward Peninsula, and for 1911 we

were told the gold product would be \$23,000,000.

Gold is by no means all that Alaska has to give. The value of the products of the sea in fur-bearing animals and food fish amounts annually to about one hundred and fifty million. Other furs, fertilizer, oil, whalebone, walrus ivory, and lumber amount to at least twenty-five million, or a grand total valuation during the administration of the United States over the country of \$386,586,489. Coal is said to be there in great quantities, but for some reason Uncle Sam prefers to leave it unearthened—to the discomfort and disgust of the people who necessarily need much of it, and are obliged to pay dear for it. This was the only complaint I heard from them.

True, as scenic features, Alaska's glaciers and ice floes form an attractive picture; but between its lofty mountains are some sheltered valleys which now promise agricultural development. Near Fairbanks there are more than 30,000 acres of homesteaded land which would produce grain, hay, potatoes, rye, oats, and barley, as this whole region is in the same latitude as the populous part of the Scandinavian Peninsula, and likewise the same native berries, blue berries, cranberries, salmon berries, and currants, which grow in luxuriant abundance. Again it is like Scandinavia in climate, and the great beauty of the Northern lights and the abundance of summer wild flowers.

At Sitka, nestled between the mountains of snow, the thermometer ran up to 100 degrees at midday, and in twelve hours we were wedged between icebergs and glaciers—its topography is decidedly remarkable. Think, while sitting on steamer deck, to see the sun suddenly plunge into the ocean at 11 p. m.; then a twilight of an hour with a pale moon overhead which burst forth in greatest brilliancy, as when you touch the button to your electric light; and at 2 a. m. the red-orbed sun was peeping over the rim of the basin of water. Is it any wonder the young folk danced till the sunset, rested and made love under the spell

of the silvery moon, then danced again after saying good morning? Really there was no time, or inclination, for sleep—too much to see and with only eleven days to see it in.

In all the world there is no region like Alaska, and to those who contemplate a visit to Europe I would advise, "See America First."

An Interlude

A STOP of two weeks with dear friends in Albedeen, Washington. Twilight at 9 p. m. A haze from smouldering prairie fires lay like a fluffy drapery of veiling around the rising sun. A mist blowing in from the Pacific with chilly winds, made the log blaze run high and look cherry, and when the mists had rolled away such roses, peonies, daisies I never saw before or since.

A halt with the crowd to see the "rose show" at Portland, Oregon. "Madame Testout" easily took the prize. On two hours, then off again at Salem, Oregon, for a night and day with the Wallaces to see their famous orchards of pears, apples and cherries. The fruit show was just over; however, when I got aboard the train for Frisco, there was a huge basket of rich brown and red cherries on the seat, enough for all before breakfast the next day.

Over the Shasta Limited the scenery is impressive. Northern California with its Hot Springs, lovely Santa Barbara, Klamath Falls, and a dismount at San Francisco all were a treat. Two months of hospitable, beautiful Los Angeles, side trips to the various beach resorts with charming friends, and back to Frisco on September 15 for a sail around the world.

Aboard the Ship

IT is astonishing the number of people in the pilgrim class—those of the leisure world—whose taste turns to travel. But not all of the tourists travel for pure love of travel or for the knowledge it brings. Many rush madly about from point to point, or around the world in sixty days, just for the notoriety, or for the sake of saying they have visited such and such a place. When I see them I always think of some one whom I wish had their money.

Autos glide up, depositing passengers; messenger boys come bearing huge boxes and baskets of fruit; pretty girls with arms laden with long-stemmed American Beauty roses; Chinese deck boys in queer little blue garments; ship officers in brilliant uniform; babes in arms and babies toddling; steerage passengers; men in foreign garb kissing each other good-bye; pervading all, a combined odor of tarred rope, celestial smells, sea weedy water and cooking food. On the dock and on the deck teary farewells, waving handkerchiefs and small American flags. At last the gong sounds and the command, "All ashore!" sends the visitors scurrying down the stairs. We lean on the deck rail and gaze with mingled emotions at the fast-receding shore. Soon the shore line sinks below the horizon and we hunt up our steamer chairs to lie comfortably back, wrapped in rugs, to study the promenaders as they pass by.

Soon concluded most of the passengers are Americans; but here are Englishmen, perhaps in business in the Orient; others, confirmed globe-trotters; Scotch linen buyers, taking linen to Japan to be embroidered; wives of English army officers stationed in the colonies; American school marms with commissions to teach at Honolulu; a German sprig of nobility wearing a bracelet watch, and struggling with imperfect English; Los Angeles girls and well known club women from the same city. At 5 o'clock all troop

down to the saloon for tea and cake, and at 7 o'clock dinner is served with the stately accompaniment of décollete frock and swallow tails. Upon each napkin is a passenger list which we read carefully, thinking mayhap we'll see a familiar name, or be able to distinguish those present by the names. This, the "Co-re-a," is an 18,000-ton vessel in which Mr. Taft and party took their trip to Honolulu in 1900. There are now 494 souls aboard, 247 saloon passengers, 97 steerage and 150 employees. The sailors and waiters are Cantonese, the two stewardesses are Americans. The steerage passengers are mostly Chinese and Japs with their wives and children, who run gambling tables and various gambling devices for a livelihood to and from America. With wooden faces and benumbed with opium they stand day and night to rake in the coins, and when I asked why such a practice was allowed was told it would be impossible to secure and command a crew unless you allowed them to gamble.

Aside from the collective odor of Asiatic humanity one encounters in visiting the steerage quarter, there are no disagreeable features save the yellow celestials in a blissful opium stupor. The bunks were covered with gaily colored Oriental fabric, and hanging in conspicuous places were strange wooden idols, beautifully handcarved. Before these Joss, tiny candles and lamps of vegetable oil burned, and prayer slips were heaped on the altars.

A few days were chilly when the polite little deck stewards swathed us like mummies in rugs, but to keep up the circulation the men, and some women, played the many deck games, shuffle board, ringtoss, hand ball with sand bags, and quoits. The evenings were either musical, literary, at bridge or a dance, but on Sunday religious services were held in the saloon by one of the twenty-seven missionaries bound for Japan, Korea or China.

Ten Filipinos composed the band which played

familiar airs while we ate or danced. Several Hawaiians and an American with a Samoan wife and child interested me much. After five days we landed at Honolulu on the Island Oahu (Wahu).

Hawaiian Islands

INCLUDING the Coral Islets, there are twenty islands of the Hawaiian group, all of volcanic origin. The principal ports of each are: Honolulu, on Oahu, Hilo, on Hawaii, and Kahului on Maui. The harbor at Honolulu is safe at all times, being landlocked. It is deep enough to admit the largest steamers. Honolulu is much larger than it appears from shipboard, shrubbery and tropical growth concealing much of the city from sight. In comfort and luxury it is very modern; one finds electric lights, electric cars, telephones and the new cable, recently completed, connects the port with San Francisco.

There are imposing private and public buildings, including the executive building, erected at a cost of \$500,000, situated in a ten-acre park set with trees, shrubbery, and plants, and the Queen's Hospital, reached by the famous avenue of palm trees. Automobiles awaited our coming, and soon we were mounting "The Pali"—The Cliff—where, 1,100 feet above the sea and commanding an extended view, the wind threatened to blow us into the chasm. Here stands the statue of King Kamehameha, where in 1755 he pushed his enemies into the yawning chasm between the rocks. Who his enemies were I am sure I've no idea; I am only telling you how the tablet read. Returning we saw "Punch Bowl Hill," the crater of an extinct volcano, fertile fields of grain and sugar cane, tropical growth of every kind, chiefly banana, picturesque homes of the natives thatched with palm branches, handsome homes of foreigners, and three palaces, once occupied by the ex-queen Lilioukalani. No one would, or could, tell us where she is.

We alighted at the Aquarium, a rare collection of sea animal life excelling even Naples, of far-famed reputation. We walked down the beach one-half mile to the hotel, where we had dinner, then out on the benches under the trees to see the native boys riding

the waves on a board, and doing the usual stunt of diving for money.

Waikiki Beach surely must be the most perfect beach in the world. For miles it is an even stretch of snow-like sand. The bathers pronounced the temperature ideal. By the rays of a glorious sunset we returned to our steamer, saying: "Did you ever have a more glorious day?"

We regretted we could not visit the island of Hilo, where is the wonderful volcano Kilanea, almost constantly active, its crater a sunken pit three miles in length and breadth. The "burning lake" enclosed by broken walls is in the southern part of the immense crater. One may approach to the very edge of the molten lake with perfect safety, and the liquid lava may be dipped up with cups. It is best appreciated at night when its rolling, fiery billows, and its fountains of flame shoot up here and there like geysers. It takes a week for the round voyage, say my friends. I should not tell you of anything I did not see, but since we are Americans shouldn't we learn all we can of our island possessions?

As we shoved from shore we were arched with a rainbow. The atmosphere was redolent with the perfumes of the laie (lay) which hung in many strings around the necks of the natives as a farewell token from their friends. Many passengers bought them from the venders at the dock. It was a gala scene. With God's bow of promise over us and with thankful hearts we pushed out to a high sea, and a wireless says a gale is on at Honolulu—now what about the rainbow? We must turn our watches back twenty-six minutes every day until we reach Japan.

Friday, September 29.—An interesting incident on a Pacific liner is "crossing the line," the 180th meridian, the beginning and end of the calendar day, noontide of which is Greenwich.

Going westward the voyager loses a day, and unless he returns over the same route he will always be

one day short, so far as the calendar goes. We went to bed on Thursday night and the next morning awoke to find it Saturday. We had slipped a cog and Friday had passed away.

There was considerable discomfort attending upon its passing, for, during the night, we encountered the tail end of a retreating typhoon, and the boat cut up in a very unseemly manner. It dove down fore, then aft, and humped up amidship for all the world like a bucking bronco trying to ditch its rider. The four winds of heaven twisted us first this way, then that, and high seas swept over the deck. The only man who was frightened went to bed with a life belt on, to be ready for any emergency. He placidly slept through the storm.

The traveler who flippantly remarks "After all, the world is quite small, you know," is not a good guesser. After seventeen days on the sea, with only one day on land, one feels that there is entirely too much water. There's a dreadful waste of wetness—one-third would be quite enough. We are due to reach the Nippon Empire tomorrow.

Japan

THE sudden stopping of the engine at 5:50 a. m. got everybody to their feet and soon we were chatting like blackbirds and happy as larks. We were given a ravishing glimpse of Fugi, Japan's sacred mountain; but over the snow-covered mountain a passing cloud dropped like an asbestos curtain, and we philosophically concluded we would see it better from some other point.

Now we are in a toy world. Everything in Japan, from the tiniest garden to Fugiyama—called Fugi for short—the world's one absolutely symmetrical mountain, is constructed with the precision as to detail and outline of a German toy. So when we walked the gang plank at Yokohama it was a little Jap that assisted me to the jinrickisha, invented by an American missionary, a high two-wheeled, rubber-tired cart, comfortably upholstered with clean linen, and drawn by a coolie.

The coolie wears a shirt, tights and a loose coat of dark blue cotton. In hot weather white trunks replace the tights and the coat is dispensed with. He is either barefooted or wears straw sandals attached to the feet by a thong between the great toe and the other toes. His headgear is a straw creation shaped like a wooden bread bowl. In his belt at the back hang his tobacco pouch and pipe, and in front in the belt is stuck a figured yard of cloth for mopping his face after a long run. The coolies have well developed limbs and chest, due to the eight or ten hours of dog trotting, daily, pulling heavy loads.

The charge for jinrickisha hire is seventy-five cents a day, and as most of the coolies are in the employ of a hotel or transfer company and do not own their vehicle, one can readily imagine what a small part of the seventy-five cents their share is. However, each rider is supposed to give his human steed a small tip, about ten or twenty sen—one or two cents. This is

called *cumsha*, tea money. In making a turn in the road, or meeting another vehicle, the head coolie utters a sharp little cry which is echoed by all the *jinrikisha* boys behind him as a warning to others. At night, these queer vehicles are illuminated with paper lanterns and a procession of them fluttering by in the darkness looks like huge glow worms.

Altogether the *jinrikisha* is the acme of comfort and enjoyment as a mode of transportation, and in them we saw Japan, beginning with Yokohama, where the voyager from American shores lands. Aside from the shops there is not much within the city of interest for the traveler, for the Oriental is fast being crowded out by the European. An extensive tract of elevated ground is the residential district, dotted with picturesque villas, nestled amid evergreen trees and flowers. A short ride on a little train brought us to Kamakura, a beach settlement with many temples and shrines and the Diabutsu, the great bronze image of Buddha with a huge ruby in the center of his forehead to represent the all-seeing eye. It is here the natives cling steadfastly to the habits and traditions of a long past era—how I longed to talk to them. We walked over a long bridge to Venizia, passing many school girls in charge of sisters from a French convent on the hilltop.

Fortunately for the picturesqueness of Japan, the women cling to the native dress, the kimono, and it clings to them. From the woman in her highest caste in her silks, brocades and crepes, to the humble worker in the field in her poor cotton gown, the style of the garment is the same.

The middle-class women wear rich dark silk kimonos, with surplus folds of white or a contrasting color in the neck of the garment. She wears many under kimonos of filmy silk, and about the waist is wound many yards of silk tied in a flat bow in the back, over a stiff square pad. The sash is called *obi* and for the street wear is of dark rich silk, but for

festive occasions is bright hued, much flowered, or heavily embroidered. The purse, handkerchief and fan are carried in the folds of the *obi*. On her feet she wears white *talic*, the digitated socks which the Japanese men and women both affect, and either wooden clogs or sandals, and when traveling drop their sandals, get on their knees, and sit back on their legs.

Just across an aisle from us, one day, knelt a fat Japanese gentleman, in kimono and toed socks. His sandals were on the floor near him. He slept while he kept his upright position on the narrow bench, his head nodding like a toy Chinese Mandarin. His wife knelt apart from him, but was ever watchful of the needs of her lord and master, filling his tiny pipe, and when he awoke served him tea from the tea service which is the invariable accompaniment of every Japanese traveler.

At every station boys appear at the windows with steaming teapot and cups. The tea, including pot and cup, cost five sen, two and a half cents of our money.

Baskets of lunch decorated with ferns and flowers, disclosed, when opened, queer little boxes of food. There were tiny wooden pill boxes for the salt, pepper and mustard; a miniature firkin held the butter. Little wooden trays had layers of raw fish and cold boiled rice.

It's fascinating to watch the natives eat rice with chop sticks. They carry the food swiftly and surely from plate to mouth with unconscious grace, never spilling a grain.

Japanese women go with bared heads except in coldest weather, when a scarf is worn, but the glistening black hair is coiffured to accord with age and conditions. The unmarried woman wears her hair brushed stiffly up to the glossy blue black coil, which all the women affect. The wife wears a loop of hair depending from the coil; and with some provinces with the change of name in marriages the coiffure is changed.

The baby wears bangs, and when about seven the little girls knot their hair on top of their heads. When they become engaged, usually at about twelve, it is puffed high; and when a bride and young matron, gaudy hair ornaments and fancy trinkets are worn. A ring and a bracelet are about all the jewelry they wear. An oiled paper umbrella or a muchly flowered parasol completes the costume, and when the night is dark a bright paper lantern swings from the hand.

There is a diversity of attire among the men. Many business men and those in official and professional life wear European dress. The majority, however, wear the kimono of dark silk, woolen or cotton according to the station in life. The garment is folded tight about the limbs and reaches to the ankles. In cold weather he supplements the kimono with a loose short coat. Many of the men go with uncovered heads, particularly the younger men; but others wear derby or straw hats. Though the men are not tall, they are brawny and athletic, and they walk with a graceful bearing that is puzzling when one looks at the small blocks of wood underneath the instep. Our hotel at Nagasaki was on a hill and the street was paved with cobble stones. Every morning at daybreak we were awakened by the sound of pedestrians pattering along on these foot stilts. Aside from the musical clatter of clogged feet on the streets, and the warning cry of swiftly running 'rikisha boys, there is little noise. The children play noiselessly, and if they cry we did not hear them. When I asked did their parents ever punish them I was told "indeed they do, but never in the presence of any one." The street venders have a subdued chant which they monotonously repeat. There are no motorcycles with hideous noises, no heavily rumbling cabs or drays, and few automobiles.

There is no indication of race suicide in Japan. Babies are everywhere, the streets are full of them and they sprawl in every doorway. In the poorer

streets every woman one meets has a baby strapped to her back, its round shaven head lolling helplessly and its black, bead-like eyes squinting in the sun; consequently sore eyes are prevalent. The use of a handkerchief is unknown; in fact, I never saw a native with one; however, was told they use paper instead.

Not only do women carry babies, but little boys and girls have a similar burden. The little girl, as soon as she begins to walk, has her doll strapped on her back so that she may learn to carry her little brother or sister properly when she shall have grown strong enough. It does not interfere in the least with the romping and playing of the children, but I was always fearing for the babies' necks.

On some part of this wonderful island there are men who are trained from childhood to be wrestlers. We saw their annual exhibit when at Nagasaki. They numbered about 100 and were out in a field under a canvas like our circus tent. The ring had a raised center of earth, from which announcements were made by the manager and referee. None of these men weighed less than two hundred and fifty pounds, and the champion weighed at least three hundred and fifty. They were very tall—such arms and legs with protruding muscle, and such rolls of fat around the waist; in a word they were disgusting in appearance. They wore padded trunks, with great tufts of hair standing up on the top of their heads.

When the game was called, two of these huge, hideous monsters squatted in front of each other, swaying their bodies from side to side, omitting hog grunts, then quietly arose, walked to the water bucket, filled their mouths with water, then ejected it as far as they could. After doing this several times they would suddenly clinch arms, and in two minutes one would be landed over the ring. In less than five minutes the champion lifted four men from the mat with the ease of a man handling children. There is no bloodshed or brutality, no loss of temper or boisterousness—an amiable and orderly performance.

NIKKO, THE SACRED CITY

Of Nikko more has been written and spoken than any other place in Japan. "It has a twofold charm, the charm of nature and the charm of art. Its beautiful mountains and cascades and its noble trees are famous. Its temple architecture is the most splendid in Japan."

It is two thousand feet above the sea. From the mountain tops covered with evergreens and maples and adorned with temples, one looks down upon a landscape which no artist can ever hope to adequately portray. If one sees it in the autumn as we did, with the hills a glory of gold, red and brown, it is a most gorgeous scene. Maple leaves are counted among the flowers of Japan; they have a right to the distinction. Approaching Nikko by train, the traveler rides for many miles parallel with the world-famous avenue of cryptomeria trees. This double row of giant red trunked trees border the road to the temple at Nikko for twenty miles. It is said when a sacred temple was in process of building, three hundred years ago, the reigning Shogun asked for contributions from all of the people. An old man who was too poor to give anything, with the aid of his three sons, planted this avenue of trees leading to the shrine, a living monument to his religious ardor.

After tiffin—lunch—we hurried down the hill from our hotel, crossed the bold mountain stream on a narrow bridge built of bamboo beside the "Imperial Bridge," over which none but the imperial family ever pass. It is painted red, as are the torii, or gates, leading to the temples. They believe the Mikado is of divine origin, and his name can not be mentioned in the streets.

The first emperor—Jimmer Tenno—was supposed to have been appointed by the sun several centuries before the birth of Christ. In the olden times the Mikado was altogether secluded from the public. No one except his wife, his concubines, and his important

ministers were ever permitted to look upon his face. The emperor traveled in a curtained car of state. His name, when written, had to be left unfinished by omitting the last stroke of the writing brush. No person is permitted to look down upon the emperor. When he drives through the streets the blinds of the upper windows must be closed and no one dares to climb on anything to get a view of the royal personage. Formerly no one was allowed to look at the Emperor through spectacles, but this law has been modified to exclude those who must wear them because of defective eyesight. But it is still wrong to see his imperial majesty through glass, and to avoid any chance of some one seeing him through a window he grants his audiences in a room where all the curtains are nailed down.

I must not forget we were on our way to the temples, which are open daily from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. Passing through the red gate—torii—up about fifty steps, we reached the Shinto Temple, Hongu, built in 808. Then we entered the Hall of Three Buddas, entered through the Chinese gate, given and carved elaborately by the Chinese. On the left is the Bell Turret, on which the hours are struck daily. This enormous copper bell is suspended within touch of a man of medium height, but from the heavy beams is likewise suspended a huge pole of about six feet in length. The bell ringer pulls the pole out as far as he can and when it returns and strikes the bell the echo resounds throughout this great grove with a melody indescribable, such a sad sweetness. Close by is a pillar called Sorinto, erected in 1643 for the sake, it is said, of averting evil influences.

On the opposite side of the road is the summer residence of the young imperial princesses and the public park. At the end of the avenue broad steps lead to the granite torii, the main entrance to the Shinto Temple of Ieyasu. The splendid gateways, shrines, storehouses and bell towers are decorated with the

most intricate wood carvings of flowers, birds and beasts. Many relics of the Shoguns and presents received from rulers of foreign countries are preserved here. Coming down the steps we see the Temple Tuta-ara dedicated in A. D. 782 to the God Onamuji, who appeared to Shodo-Shorn, and promised to watch over the welfare of human beings and the progress of religion.

Two red lacquered buildings on the left connected by a covered gallery are called Futateu-do. Near by is the "House of the Sacred Pony," where is interred a pony once in the service of an Emperor. At small shrines priests were officiating. Within one shrine is kept a temple service used only for the royalty. The dancing priestesses were performing in their temple; such grace and beauty we'd never seen before. Now up 210 stone steps to the shrine of the First Shogun, surrounded by high stone lanterns centuries old. The monument is bronze and very massive.

Going up and down the steps we passed many natives; some, sightseers, others going for worship. Their simple religious faith is beautiful because it is so child-like and so picturesque. They do not assemble for worship, but they never neglect their devotions. With a child holding each hand, and a babe strapped to her back, a mother walks up these two hundred and ten steps, strikes the gong to attract the attention of the gods, tosses her few coppers into the slotted box which marks every temple entrance, murmurs a prayer and goes on her way sure of absolution. Strands of human hair attached to prayer slips, we were told, never fail to effect a cure. It is necessary to remove the shoes when entering the temples, and we always found old men and boys awaiting us at the entrance steps, where they would take off our shoes and put on heavy cotton cloth shoes, all for the sake of a few coins. One can understand how quickly those highly polished floors would be ruined if shoes were allowed upon them.

It seems unfair to leave this sacred mountain top, where man and nature have worked together so assiduously throughout the ages, and have so grandly succeeded in their religious efforts to instruct, elevate and comfort the people, with so meager a description of its many temples and magnificent trees, but really they seem indescribable; so will take you for a country ride to Myanoshita ("at the foot of the Shinto shrines"), natural hot springs, 1,377 feet above sea level, going first on train two hours, then on a tram, then a jinrikisha for two hours with a "pusher" and a "puller." The railroads are narrow gauge, and the coaches have seats on each side running lengthwise, with a passageway between.

The natives prefer to live in villages with little shops and peasants' huts, the thatched roofs abloom in nasturtiums, cosmos and dwarfed chrysanthemums interspersed with ferns. The houses or huts are open to the streets so one may see their intimate and home life. Usually the entire family knelt on straw mats around the brazier which cooked the rice and brewed the tea, serving also the purpose of heating. It was pitiful to see the very old men and women holding their withered hands over the coals and shaking with cold. Here is a hut with a spray of flowers in a vase, this expressing to them more beauty than a cluster of flowers. In the timber lands where the trees grow naturally, one is impressed with the idea that they were planted there for artistic effect, so evenly do they grow. Every inch of ground is cultivated. Many of the rice fields were girdled with straw rope on which fluttered white prayer slips as a protection against evil spirits. We saw fields of buckwheat and sugar cane, and hillsides covered with bamboo, one of Japan's valuable assets. The trees grow to enormous height and the slender trunks were crowned with beautiful feathery foliage. Plodding alongside the roadbed were natives on their way to market; men and women with huge baskets of vegetables strung on long poles rest-

ing on their shoulders. There were carrots, turnips, parsnips, onions, lettuce and celery, but as the odor of the soil was so offensive we never ate a vegetable while in Japan. Oxen with straw-sandaed hoofs moved slowly by with great casks of fertilizer, so we lowered our windows.

At some little village we went aboard the street car. Being already in the hilly region, we skirted overhanging rocks and little streams trickled down tiny ravines to meet a foaming torrent below. There were landscapes of long distances with bits of flashing blue sky seen through wood aisles. Every village window ledge has a pot of dwarf pine, chrysanthemums, or other flowering plant. The process by which the pine trees are dwarfed is a carefully guarded secret known only to the Japanese gardeners. Trees a century old are not more than ten or twelve inches high. The gnarled and twisted trunks and sprawling branches are considered very artistic. Farms and rice fields are separated by hedges of cape jasmine or privet, and the rows of Chinese lilies furnish food and beauty. The odor is delicious and the bulbs are boiled or put in soup. The lotos is used in the same way—a confection is made of the seed pod, and the roots used as a vegetable.

Up we go in 'rikishas over hedges, beside cascades and waterfalls, mountain streams, tea houses, where we stopped to treat the coolies, then a ravishing view of Fugiyama within a few miles, and having exhausted all the adjectives of admiration alighted at Hotel Myanoshita just in time for dinner. Our coming had been telephoned from the village and our American eating taste was considered. We were greeted at the entrance by kowtowing house boys and maids.

A kowtow is a deep bow with the arm held firmly at the waist line. Of course you return the salutation as best you can; again they bow. Not willing they should outdo you in politeness, you bow again; down go their heads for the third time, when you conclude

you have had enough of it, to which they are perfectly willing. At the entrance of the dining room, instead of a lordly waiter, one is greeted by a dainty kimonoed figure and literally bowed into place. The dining room was decorated in dahlias which came from the garden back of the hotel, as we found out before breakfast next morning when we climbed a hill to better see Fugui. This followed a hot bath in a sunken white marble tub, the water just the blue necessary for blueing water, but the heat intense. Orientals believe in hot baths.

These baths, in common with all hotel baths in Japan, are free. Even in the most primitive country inns, or tea houses, the luxury of a hot bath is always ready for the asking; in happy contrast to the scanty, tepid supply for which one has to pay fifty cents in some countries.

In a mission boarding school in Tokyo we were shown a bathtub in which the fourteen boarders were supposed to bathe every morning, using only one tub of water. The statement shocked our sense of cleanliness, but when the *modus operandi* was fully explained we thought better of it. All bathtubs are sunken in the floor. In the hollow one stands on a wooden-slatted mat, where the body is well soaped and the water from the tub dipped out with a long-handled dipper of a great size and poured over the shoulders. The tub is for a plunge afterward. In the home the man of the house has the first bath, then his wife, followed by the children and servants. At the public baths the sexes bathe unclothed, in the same pool. It is the only place where the sexes congregate for gossip and general conversation. When told the custom was shocking to us, a Japanese man said: "We have been bathing thus for two thousand years; why should we change? There is no evil in a custom to those whose minds are free from evil." That Japan seen from the bath house is the real Japan.

After breakfast we strolled down the hill to a

farm yard and saw two roosters with tail feathers four feet long and of gorgeous coloring; also an Australian talking bird. Of course, we did not know what he said, but were told it was good Japanese. The proprietor of the hotel had been in America and England, and upon his marriage to a Japanese, as is the custom when the bride's father desires to adopt the son-in-law, he had taken the name of his wife as a surname. Both he and his wife were exceedingly pleasant, and spoke English well.

TOKYO

The capital of Japan and commercial center of the empire is only one hour by railway from Yokohama. Its population is more than two million. The Emperor's palace stands in the center of the city with a double line of moats. It has a large European population, electric cars, telephone and telegraph, and modern dress has been very generally adopted by the men. Tokyo is a city of schools. There are three universities—the Imperial, which is supported by the government and has eleven thousand students; the Waseda, with seven thousand students; and the Kaio, with four thousand students. About forty per cent. of the Tokyo boys attend the universities, and of the girls, only the daughters of the wealthy citizens. The girls of the middle class attend the primary and grammar schools only. The boys are taught military tactics. The playgrounds are spacious and well supplied with gymnasium apparatus. The little girls were grouped under the huge shade trees and some were playing "blind man's bluff"—they looked so quaint and artistic. It is said Japanese have great reverence for their university instructors, showing every deference and courtesy during life. When they die they plan a magnificent spectacular funeral, where the students carry pine trees about six feet tall, profusely decorated with white paper prayer slips, each tree rooted

and intended for planting about the grave. We saw a company of men carrying huge, stiff looking bouquets, floral offerings from friends, then men carrying large cages of pigeons as tokens of affection to be liberated after the body is interred.

We went to the theater. The floor slopes from the entrance to the stage. We bought the chair seats near the entrance, but the natives sat on mats on the floor, and between acts ate lunch or drank tea. We were quite sure the play was a tragedy with emphasis on obedience to parents. The young girls cried and the old folk shook their heads. The orchestra of two pieces was in a box just above the stage.

In the well-known book on "Every-day Japan" by the late Mr. Arthur Lloyd, who for years was a lecturer in the Imperial University of Tokyo, there is an interesting chapter on the Japanese stage. After telling us all about the ways of theater-going, scene shifting, the "flower way" or *hanamichi*, which has been adopted by Prof. Max Reinherdt, of Berlin, for several of his greatest triumphs of stage management, for instance in *Sumurun*, Mr. Lloyd says:

"It has been maintained that the melodramatic plays of Seneca had much influence on the English drama of the Elizabethian period, and could he revisit this earth he would certainly be satisfied with the melodrama of the classical Japanese stage. There are at present two schools of dramatic art competing with one another for popular favor—the old national drama and the new romanticism. In the old drama the subjects are taken from the history of Japan and are all treated seriously, a Japanese loving what is gruesome and sad, and having a passion for melodramatic declamation.

"In the modern drama an attempt is made to represent the actual life and manner of the present day, or else to reproduce the masterpieces of Europe. In the old classical stage, which is by far the more popular, all the parts are taken by men, an actor who takes female parts being obliged to live almost like a woman in order to be able to do the thing to life.

There are one or two actresses belonging to the modern school, otherwise the female player is unknown except in certain half religious communities which give theatrical representations by companies composed entirely of women. A young Japanese man never falls in love with an actress, but sometimes a Japanese woman sighs out her heart for an actor.

"Some of the leading actors make fair incomes. Some stars earn as much as two hundred yen, or \$20.00 a month, but the man who plays 'the horse's legs' and removes chairs gets a miserable pittance.

"It is still the correct thing for samurai families to abstain from theater-going, at least in Tokyo, and a theatrical audience is, for the most part, composed of the middle and lower classes, who weep copiously over the misfortunes of the heroes of ancient tragedy. But, though despised by the samurai and the Confucian scholar, the stage has been a potent influence in implanting chivalry and honor into the hearts of the people. There is now in Tokyo an association for the improvement of the Japanese drama, and it will not be long before European drama in Japanese dress will form a recognized part of the intellectual amusement of the citizens of Tokyo."

We never saw so many children as in Japan. Boys in military uniform parading the streets, little girls walking two abreast with arms around each other's waist, smiling and chattering in the most subdued voice, looking like little mothers with baby sister or brother bound to their backs. They are always separated from the boys and under the care of an instructor. In view of her future greatness Japan is giving great attention to her girls, regarding them as mothers to the soldiers of Japan. In the harbor at Nagasaki a war vessel is being built, but not even the natives are allowed to see its construction. A Japanese gets all he can, and takes care to keep all he gets—even his tongue.

Children in Japan are made much of. When a son is born, presents and congratulations are showered on the parents, and on his birthdays inflated fish bladders and fish-shaped kites are hung on a string in

front of his home. In March there is a national holiday called Boys' Day. In May the girls have a national holiday.

Unto Yamada's sacred shrine
The pious pilgrims go;
I can not tell by word divine—
My nose, it tells me so.

At Nagoya we saw hundreds of pilgrims getting aboard the train and many in procession on the roadside going to Yamada-in-Ise to pay tribute to the Sun Goddess, a yearly pilgrimage in memory of the coming of the sun after an inundation which threatened destruction to the entire country.

Nara, the once while capital of the Empire of Japan, has a population of 33,000 with but few foreigners. As was frequently the case, we happened to arrive for the annual celebration. It is true the Orientals have many holidays and suppose they are more frequent in the summer time, but to strike Nara for the dehorning of the deer was a little strange, as no one had told us of it. In the deer park of twenty acres there are hundreds of deer. Before 1868 to kill a deer was a capital offense; even yet they are regarded as sacred. You are expected to buy some of the small flat cakes of grain from the old women at the gate to feed to the deer. They run to you for them. To keep them tame the horns of the bucks are sawed off, leaving about two inches. With the great crowd we bought tickets, twenty cents each, which admitted us to the reserved seats on the raised platform. The deer were in a pen and were liberated one at a time. Men with poles with nets of rope at the end endeavored to catch them as they ran, and he who succeeded in bringing most of them to the ground was awarded a prize. It took two and sometimes three men to hold them while the horns were sawed off. Then they would scamper away to the woods more frightened than hurt; indeed, they were not hurt at all. The horns

were thrown into a pile and any one for a copper was allowed to guess the number, and the one coming nearest was awarded the horns.

You've no idea how beautiful were the trees, how picturesque the people in holiday attire. In a field near by college boys were competing for prizes in high jumping and running. Ten boys, each with a slip of paper with a row of numbers on it, a slate and a pencil, ran about a hundred feet when a man loudly clapped his hands. They fell immediately to the ground and began their addition, for which there was a prize. Of course we must go to the temple grove to see another huge bell; this one weighs thirty-seven tons. Near the temple was a tree of seven varieties from one root, on which lovers fasten wish papers for their future.

Two and a half hours' ride on the train the next day brought us to Kyoto. Again our hotel is on a hilltop. From the porch of my room the view extends for miles and from the zoological garden at my feet come the roars of lions and tigers. On the foot of the bed is a kimono and a pair of wash sandals which all first-class hotels furnish to their guests. My coolie, Kiko, understands English fairly well, so we followed him to the gymnasium to see the class in fencing and jiu-jitsu, then to the Temple Higashi Hongwanji, the largest temple in the empire, covering an area of 45,000 square feet.

The part set aside for worship has 550 mats, or seats, the priests are not vowed to celibacy as are those of the other sects of Buddha. The names of the different rooms are taken from the subjects pictorially represented, such as storks, chrysanthemums, wild geese, sparrows. Where visitors register the walls are decorated with monkies, and on the sliding door are depicted the three monkies representing "speak, see, hear no evil." In the adjoining room cats were looking in eight different directions, and in the entrance-way were peacock screens. On the porch was a rope

of hair four inches in diameter and six hundred feet long, contributed by the women of Japan and used to hoist the material of the temple and thus appease the wrath of the gods. This entire structure was built by voluntary contributions. Kwannon, the "Goddess of Mercy," has eleven faces, forty arms, and a thousand feet and hands.

The streets are crowded to see the "Historical Celebration," a continuation of events correctly and accurately represented from the year 600 B. C. to the close of the Japanese-Russian war in 1904. First came men resembling Indians with long, black, coarse hair, mounted warriors with bows and arrows, horsemen clad in armor with horse hair hats, horses and soldiers in full armor, down to the overthrow of the Shoguns by the Emperor in 1868, and the generals and soldiers of the war of 1904. We stood in line three hours, but the inner man was occasionally refreshed by a mild cup of tea. It is never much more than hot water flavored with tea leaves.

NAGASAKI

At the Cliff House we command a full view of this land-locked harbor, which is considered one of the most beautiful in the world. On the opposite hill is the home of "Madam Butterfly," and we realized her joy and suffering when with strained and eager eyes she watched the coming and going of her lover. Nagasaki is the principal coaling station in Japan for all ships, being the first stop out of the Inland Sea and only thirty-six hours' journey to the mouth of the Yang-Tse-Kiang river. It is a novel sight to see the men and women and children passing the coal up in small baskets from the barges. The women work along with the men while the children stand near the bunkers and throw the rapidly-emptied baskets back to the barges. A woman with a baby strapped to her back and no one else in the barge rowed it across the bay full two miles to Nagasaki.

November 3d is the Emperor's birthday, observed throughout the empire. Here they celebrate with a chrysanthemum show. The blossoms are very profuse and of every color, but they do not attempt the huge one-flower growth as do the Americans, preferring them small, as only small things are beautiful to their slanting eyes. They were embedded in the ground and they sold them, root and all, for ten cents a dozen. We took with us all our jinrikishas would hold, as the next day two of our party would have birthdays—sixty and twenty-one.

Now for a geisha dance. From all I could learn the geisha girl is regarded in Japan as we Americans regard a chorus girl, having been trained as an entertainer of the rich. Our guide led us to an upstairs room of a wooden structure, where we met the woman of the house, who arranges a performance whenever there is a demand, which is very often at this season and in the early winter when tourists are many. Paying one dollar of our money for each ticket, we entered a large room with sloping floor and with elevated seats along the sides and back; but they were so low we found the position uncomfortable. The first to appear were three dainty maidens holding musical instruments known as *samisen*, *koto* and drum, the first two stringed instruments. As the chords were struck and the red, smiling lips opened to chant the poem descriptive of the dance, four girls glided in attired in violet, pink, blue and red crepe. Their glistening, blue-black hair was thrust through with sparkling ornaments and bright-hued flowers beneath each ear vied with the vivid scarlet of their tiny lips. They began a series of poses, gliding from each posture to another with fascinating grace. The dances were called "Maple," "Wistaria," "Triumphant," "Rainbow," and lastly a comical one, "Catching the Mouse." We concluded that in Japan, truly, every little movement has a meaning of its own. But for the weird, discordant music it would have been a delightful even-

ing. Since one can get accustomed to anything and really learn to like it, suppose after many years we would acquire a taste for even the sweet bells jangling out of tune.

INLAND SEA OF JAPAN

Whene'er I take an Orient trip
How little grub I eat,
With boiled rice and stale, tough bread
My menu is complete.

So was glad to get aboard a German steamer, where I knew the coffee would be good. From Kobe to Shanghai was a twenty-four hours' ride on the Inland Sea, with which for scenic beauty no body of water in all the world can compare. It is but little broader than the Mississippi, as placid as the Hudson, and in places as picturesque as the Rhine. The sea is dotted with small islands on which are lighthouses and temples. Along the terraced shore stretch chains of picturesque villages with stone sea walls and castles soaring above the clustered roofs. Queer fishing junks and sampans lie anchored in fleets or skim lazily across the water.

After a day's panorama of picturesque scenery we come to the magnificent torii (gate) stretching out into the sea, through which one gets the finest view of the wonderful old red lacquer Temple Itsukushima, on the sacred island Miyajima, where the tide has ebbed and flowed for centuries, where stone lanterns border the wave-lapped shores and all is harmony. Deer roam in peace, and doves alight on shoulders and arms, pecking eagerly at the rice held out to them. Dogs are prohibited since they might frighten the deer, but some very large cats are seen. Sickness and death are unknown on this sacred spot. No one has been born here, and at the slightest symptom of disease the patient is immediately conveyed to the mainland. One of the most picturesque customs in Japan is that of

lighting tiny lamps in the Shinto Temples when worshipping. The Japanese, when following this ancient ceremony, believe that the person of the worshiper is consecrated when his figure is reflected in the sacred mirror before the altar. This famous temple is ablaze with light.

Manila

WE were glad when it was suggested that we go back to Nagasaki Harbor and take the "Manchuria" for the Philippine islands. Sixty hours of sea voyaging directly south brought us to Manila, the capital city of the Philippines, situated on the island of Luzon. Before our steamer anchored in the bay citizens and soldiers came out in launches to welcome and embrace. We responded heartily to the welcome to the "Pearl of the Orient," and left the four young American girls who had come under the chaperonage of one man to meet and marry the American soldiers to do the embracing. Next day in the Episcopal cathedral the four marriages took place.

One feels an indescribable thrill of delight on entering a harbor floating the glorious stars and stripes, and hear an American band play American tunes. The constabulary band greeted us very appropriately with "America." Hearts were torn with longing for home and loved ones, and pulses quickened at the sight of faces and sound of voices of our own kind. Instead of chattering tongues that we could not understand, instead of dirty palms outstretched for coins, it was the American handclasp and a language our very own.

The native of Manila is exceedingly desirous of qualifying as an American citizen, especially if he desires work at all, usually seeking a clerical position. Manual labor does not appeal to him. The schools are perfectly organized and thoroughly graded, with about thirty thousand pupils enrolled in the city. Industrial instruction in the making of native straw hats and embroidery is emphasized. There are a number of private institutions, a normal university, a school of arts and crafts and a medical institution.

Being a Catholic community, there are numbers of very large and beautiful churches of that faith, all of ancient design and workmanship, except the new steel church, San Sebastien. Most of the Protestant

churches are located outside the walled city. The Episcopalians have a beautiful building of stone and concrete called the cathedral, costing \$150,000. The Presbyterians have recently erected a building of concrete and stone. This church has a roof garden auditorium for its social assemblies. The Methodists have a large following in Manila.

The Y. M. C. A. will soon erect a building to cost \$100,000. The old walled city with its quaint Spanish architecture and its quiet dreaminess is in strange contrast to the bustle and business of the American district. The Filipino of the lower class never works so long as a little portion of fish, a bit of rice, a package of cigarettes and a box of matches last. Most of the natives live on the Pasig river in boats of awkward, flat structure with a rounded roof covered with straw matting, rearing their families and getting a miserable living from fishing or earning a few pesos doing odd jobs of work on the docks. Native houses are built on stilts with the living apartments above and the stable underneath. The frame work of the huts is bamboo and covered with a coarse straw covering, the roofs are thatched and wire covered, and the windows are tiny squares of the transparent inner lining of oyster shells.

The native Filipino woman wears very gaudy raiment. Her skirts are of bright material usually striped or broad checked, fitting the figure closely about the hips, but spreading out at the back in a flaring train. Over a chemise she wears a transparent waist made of native cloth called Jusi (husi) cloth. This waist has huge, stiff outstanding sleeves and a sort of fichu collar of the same material. The women all smoke cigarettes or huge cigars, both in their homes and on the streets. There is a type of woman called a Mestizo who is one-fourth Filipino, one-fourth Chinese, and one-half rice powder. She is anxious to appear as fair as her American sisters, so plasters cosmetics on her face thickly. The male native is of

small statue and very slender, their trousers are often of bright red, worn with blue or yellow blouses. The trousers are of Jusi cloth made of hemp, and the blouse of Pina cloth, made of pineapple fibre. The native hats, woven by hand of a fine straw, are so soft and pliable they may be drawn through a ring, and are sold at from two to fifteen dollars apiece. An industry in which the native women excel is embroidery on fine material. The pity is the material must come from America or England. The work is exquisitely done and is more delicate and unlike the work of either the Japanese or Chinese women.

The principal industry of the Philippines is the preparing of tobacco in its various forms for the market. Vast quantities of tobacco are grown in the islands and there are many factories for the making of cigars and cigarettes in Manila. These factories employ thousands of men, women and children.

The fighting cocks form no small part in the joys and tribulations of the Filipino. The cock pits are the most popular resorts, especially on Sunday, when the most important combats take place. Many natives in a short time lose all they have earned in a month—which, however, may not be much, since an American lady friend now residing in Manila told us that native help is so cheap a dozen servants may be had for the wages of one in America. In fact, the householder must have many, for a cook will do nothing but cook, the bedroom boys keep only the bedrooms in order, the dining room boy serves the meals and the stable boy does only stable work. Then there is a laundress, a lady's maid and probably a children's nurse.

The climate of Manila is tropical, but the heat is tempered by the proximity of the sea and the presence of mountains that practically surround the city. The atmosphere is surcharged with humidity which makes it seem hotter than it really is. In the middle of the day the sun was very hot. Everybody who can, rides in a victoria or the native two-wheeled, one-horse rig,

with a small seat in front for the Filipino driver, in bright-colored costume. His bare legs, red toe slippers and cone-shaped hat remind one of a clown. He knows not a word of English, but to the little scrubby horse he jabbers continually. When he wants him to increase his speed, instead of striking the horse with the whip he strikes the wheel, when the little animal goes like lightning and you feel very uncertain of your seat.

In Manila the native dead are buried in niches in a stone wall, owing to the flat, marshy character of the soil. It was this strange method of burial that occasioned a former governor-general to remark, "We pigeon hole our dead for future reference." The walls are from seven to eight feet in thickness and the niches in which the bodies are placed are as close together as possible. The cemetery is supported by a system of rentals. One's relatives or friends must pay rent for the niche in which the body is placed. When the rent fails eviction follows. The great pile of bones in an enclosure near the walls shows that many people are in arrears. But here now, as in Havana, the American authorities are disposing of the bones in a less revolting way.

The army and navy circles make social life exceedingly gay and attractive. The Elks Club and the Army and Navy Club are housed in beautiful buildings and there the smartest social functions are given. The open square which faces the bay of Manila is called the Luneta, where at sundown the constabulary band gives a concert. People of every station of life ride, drive or walk about the Luneta during the concert. In a word, Manila is a fascinating co-mingling of Spanish civilization of the sixteenth century, Oriental life, and American occupation. One of the principal attractions for the visitor from America is Fort McKinley, reached by an electric car in forty-five minutes from the foot of the Bridge of Spain. This is a regulation army post. Cavite, the scene of Admiral

Dewey's fight with the Spanish, lies across the bay ten miles from the harbor, a little group of red-roofed white buildings nestling among the trees, the quiet stretch of sandy beach looking peaceful enough, with no indication of Uncle Sam's belligerency in 1898. It's true the moss grown walls of Fort Gaudalupe still stand, and we were told a lone sentry remains on guard.

Bilibid prison is the largest penal institution under the control of the American government, if not the largest in the world. It covers an area of seventeen acres, on which are not less than fifty buildings.

The time to visit the prison is at the parade hour, 4:45 o'clock, to witness the semi-military maneuvers of the prisoners. The four thousand prisoners are divided into squads of twenty-four, each squad being in charge of a hundred per cent. good-conduct man who is responsible for his squad. A section, composed of a number of squads, is in charge of a keeper. Overseers are in charge of groups of sections. From the high observation point the long line of men in striped clothing, all diverging from a central point, looked like the writhing and twisting of a monster serpent.

After drill the marching ranks filed past the tables where the evening meal was being ladled out from mammoth cooking vats. In exactly seven minutes four thousand men had received their portion and were on their way to the cell houses. Various trades are taught the prisoners, blacksmithing, machine iron work, wagon making, silversmithing, wicker furniture, tailoring, carpentering, painting, baking, and other trades. The management of the prison endeavors to procure employment for the prisoners on their discharge. There are many instances in Manila of men who served time in Bilibid who are now useful, law-abiding citizens. The percentage of crime in Manila is very small as compared with other cities of its size in the United States and foreign countries.

November 14th.—While we were sight-seeing

those aboard our ships were seeing sights. The crew, all Chinese, were hilarious over the telegram which reached them from China reading "Republic." The new flag has been hoisted in Manila. The rebel employers of the steward's department of the ship captured the Manchu members and cut off their queues, besides having their own severed; then in sixes they stood before a rebel in command and publicly took the oath of allegiance to the new flag by raising their right hand and exclaiming "banzai." Then followed hurrahs in loud acclaim, the firing of crackers, and finally a night of jubilee. The president of the new republic took his place today in Hong Kong at 2:30 p. m. The new flag has a red field with a blue shield in which are eighteen stars, representing the different divisions of the republic.

Before reaching Shanghai we touched at Tsintau, on the coast of the Sea of China. Thirteen years ago a German missionary was killed here, and as indemnity the bare coast site was given to the Germans. Since they have added five hundred acres of coal land back of the city, and their buildings are of substantial style. A day there is worth while.

China

IT seems a short shift from Japan to China, but from the difference in the size of the people, their dress and manners, 'twould seem the opposite side of the earth. While the Japanese idea of beauty is always for the dainty, small and spirituelle, as seen in their women, houses, flowers and pictures, the Chinese admire the large, conspicuous and fat. The men's clothes are padded and when the weather is cold they don a quilted silk top coat. The women wear bloomers and a coat that reaches to their knees, which is quilted heavily at the bottom so as to stand out. The faces of both men and women are very full, and they are altogether stout, due to the fact that men lead sedentary lives as good accountants, bankers, money changers, ivory carvers and dressmakers, while the women exercise but little owing to their small feet, and they practically live in sedan chairs. The children are as round as a ball.

Shanghai is on the Yellow Sea, correctly named since the water is a deep, muddy yellow, having come from the canyons in Northern China through the Yang-Sti-Kiang, in all a thousand miles. The Bund, or water front, is adorned with hotels, club houses, and banks of the four nations of people who govern the city outside the old walled city of Shanghai, which is controlled and occupied solely by the Chinese. In the city council there are eight councilmen, three English, two German, two French, and one American, and those of separate nations with their tastes in architecture, gardening and religion live community lives. Seeing so few Chinese 'twas difficult to realize we were in China. But when with a guide, the law being three visitors to a guide, we went to Old Shanghai, where in dirty holes and narrow, filthy streets beggars lay prostrate on the ground groveling in vermin, and professional beggars follow after you and make their half-starved and sick children wail and implore help, you recognize the China of books and

wish you had contented yourself with the description.

One woman sat on the ground with her feet in a small ditch and her face almost touching the stone wall, with a babe in her arms, swaying her body from side to side, wailing in deepest distress, telling you her child was dead; which the guide said was not true, that she was of the hundred licensed beggars. Ten thousand nauseous odors filled our nostrils and when we reached the Joss house where the fumes of fish oil burned in the lamps before the gods and incense sticks were smouldering in the stone vessels, the men called for the women's salts bottles and all were glad to escape alive, declaring no more walled cities in China for us. On our way out we saw the "Willow" tea garden. We later attended a Thanksgiving service at the English cathedral, where the sermon was delivered by an American.

Hong Kong.—The next objective point is Hong Kong (or Victoria) almost due north from the Philippines, a two days' journey. This city, a British possession, since 1844, is situated on Hong Kong Island and the neighboring peninsula of Kwangtung, near the mouth of the Pearl river. It has an excellent harbor and combines in its borders all of interest to the traveler of a typical Chinese city and the cosmopolitan charm of a world's trading center. Hong Kong is practically two towns. In one live the American and European merchants and their clerks, with the military and naval forces. Their residences are on the heights, called the Peak, rising nearly two thousand feet above the sea. This peculiar architecture is said to be necessary to break the force of the wind during the typhoons which rage fiercely at certain seasons.

The natives live on the water front or in boats unless they can afford to live in, over, or under the business houses on the Bund, a broad street open to the water, with wide drives and shaded walks. Hong

Kong means "fair haven," and if one approaches it at night when the mountain is aglow with electric lights, and the native quarters bright and gorgeous with paper lanterns, you think the name is very appropriate. It is also a free port, excepting a tax on alcohol, therefore no official record is kept of the exports and imports; but its annual trade value is estimated at no less than fifty million sterling.

Hong Kong is policed by huge Sikh men from India. They are brown men of great stature. Most of them wear a beard, a khaki uniform and a turban of gaudy oriental stuff is wound about the head. Strange to say, they do not understand or speak English, unless it be "Pigeon English," a dialect or conglomerate mixture of Chinese and English, which all foreigners have to learn if they reside there.

The chief means of transportation in the Chinese cities is the sedan chair. It is very necessary in this city of heights. The summit of the Peak is reached by incline railway, but to reach the railway station at the foot of the Peak one reclines at ease in a chair made of bamboo lightly suspended between two poles and carried by two coolies, who rest the long poles of the chair on their bare shoulders. The coolies walk at a very moderate pace, but the swing of the chair makes some people sea sick, they greatly preferring the 'rikisha boys who run all day in a sort of a jog trot. The sedan chair tariff is only about thirty cents gold an hour.

The Peak is terraced. On the first terrace is the Episcopal cathedral of St. John's; a little higher the Governor's Mansion and offices, schools, colleges, universities and hotels, and the Botanical Gardens sixteen acres in extent, reached in various parts by flights of stone steps crowned with colossal stone vases holding brilliant tropical plants. From the stone walls hang vines and wild ferns in profusion. There are spider orchids that look exactly like the huge hairy insects from which they get their name.

Every country in the far East has contributed some queer, freakish plant life. To the westerners the lordly looking cox combs, the creamy camelias, as large as a dinner plate, and the mammoth hydrangeas looked most beautiful, because familiar.

But it is at the shops that the tourist spends most of her time and money. How can one resist such exquisite embroidery on silk and linen, such Oriental goods, carved ivories, filigree and hand-carved sandalwood curios? And those camphor wood chests! Well, I just had to run away from them for fear of imprisonment when I reached the customs house in New York.

The Chinese tailor is fine. He speaks a little English, knows just what Americans demand, and is very original in his designing. He will make pongee silk suits for from \$12.00 to \$15.00, and cotton crepe frocks from three to five dollars, and the beautiful embroidered grass linen dresses for ten American dollars. The men had white linen suits made for about three dollars gold. But remember, when shopping, take some one with you who knows counterfeit money or you will likely get a pocket full of it in exchange for your "almighty dollar." Another trick they have is pricing goods at their currency, which is called dollars, hoping you will think they mean an American dollar, when in truth it is a "Mexican dollar," or our fifty cents. Verily, "For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese is peculiar."

The Chinese are gamblers by nature and the professional gambler allows his nails to grow from one to two inches beyond the tips of his fingers that you may know he is not given to manual labor. As an accountant he is considered without an equal in the world. Even in Japan the cashiers and bookkeepers in the banks and government offices are Chinese. For a pen they use a brush. While the Chinese are originators, the Japanese are the best copyists.

From an English woman and housekeeper I learned all successful households were under the supervision of a comprador—one who does all the buying, hires the many servants needed for the various house duties, dismisses them at will, pays all the bills and asks a very moderate sum for his services. At the end of each week he presents a neat, business-like statement and is said to be usually very honest. When a Chinese takes advantage of one it is when he gives an equal chance to be taken advantage of. In Japan, an English housewife told me she was obliged to hire a man to look after her interests, upon the principal that "it takes a thief to catch a thief."

The pleasure ground of Hong Kong is Happy Valley, a beautiful spot. Here the English and the natives have golf links. On one side of Happy Valley is a famous race course and on the other side a cemetery, a picturesque "garden of sleep."

We are told the high-class Chinese women are never seen on the streets, but we were satisfied to see and study the women of the middle class. The very small feet belong to the old women who sit on the streets as menders of clothes, not being able to walk without support. The younger women wear canvas shoes without heels, just like our tennis shoes, and the children wear sandals. With the young generation there is no appearance of cramped feet. The young girls wear many bracelets, rings, neck chains, and the inevitable jade earrings are worn by all females from five years to eighty years of age. Some women dress very handsomely in silken trousers and coats elaborately embroidered. In passing a window we saw a girl sitting on the floor with an instrument like a guitar playing a moanful dirge and singing in a strained, harsh voice, much like the Japanese. Ko Shing, the Chinese theater, where royalty is entertained, was closed owing to the unsettled political state of things.

We were advised not to try Canton, as the rebel

situation at that point was serious, but some few ventured and returned to tell us most of the merchandise was in "go downs". This means warehouses, a word of Chinesemaking, they having learned it from the English who would say to his Chinaman, "go down and get so and so," meaning go to the cellar where things were stored. At first the signs "go down" looked strange, yet familiar to us. Before leaving America we planned for Peking and the Yang-Sti-Kiang, but no one was allowed in Peking, so with much regret we turned our faces to the western side of the Pearl or Canton river to Macao, forty miles from Hong Kong.

Macao is the pioneer settlement of the Far East founded by the Portuguese in 1557; however, the sovereignty of Portugal was not formally recognized till March, 1887. It is famous as a health resort and the harbor view from the promenade on the water's edge is very beautiful. Restfulness came over us under those huge banyan trees, and when in 'rikishas we rode through the broad, clean streets, under the shade of oleander blossoms, and waving bamboo and beside houses of Portuguese architecture with large flower gardens up to the ruins of St. Paul's, a Catholic cathedral, through the Chinese gardens to the residence of the governor, only twenty-six years old, and stopped at the exquisitely appointed tea house of a wealthy Chinese, we were in ecstasies. But the feature of Macao is the gambling house Fan Tan in the hands of a syndicate, who pay the local government for the monopoly, being of course one of the chief sources of revenue.

The Garden of Eden with the trail of the serpent over all!

Twelve days in Hong Kong was more than we wanted of China in her disordered political state. The rebels have charge of Canton, all prisoners are liberated, and the morning's paper tells of a great tragedy on the Pearl river, where we were on yester-

day, supposed to have been the work of the liberated prisoners, doubtless returning to their former mode of life. Late in the night men from small boats came aboard the river steamer. In the struggle with the officers of the steamer the mate was killed, the captain wounded, and 150 passengers robbed of not less than ten thousand dollars.

The natives are having lots of fun dangling their recently barbered queues and being fitted to foreign clothes. They act like boys in their first long trousers. Am glad we saw China before the transformation.

My friends have remembered me on my birthday. At my breakfast plate were several small gifts, and in the center of the table an enormous bowl of white chrysanthemums, and to my room were sent beautiful yellow chrysanthemums. Flower street is at the corner. It is two blocks of massed flowers of every kind banked upon a hill, all in the perfection of cultivation and beauty—particularly roses, lilies of the valley, carnations and chrysanthemums. We know now why China is called the "Flowery Kingdom."

Before we leave Hong Kong I must tell you a good story on one Kentucky bred plucky little Santa Monica running mate. At the hotel our hand baggage was deposited on the floor of the rotunda. After waiting a reasonable time to have her grip brought to her room and it failing to appear, in haste she sought the hotel clerk to know the reason. In dismay he said: "Madam, it must have gone with other baggage aboard the steamer China, now on her way to Yokohama." Frantically she exclaimed: "Give me a man who can speak English, and I'll get it."

The man was forthcoming, and in 'rikishas they hurried to the steamer dock, secured a sampan, and away they were rowed out full two miles from shore, where, by signals of distress, they succeeded in gaining the attention of the fast-speeding China. Finally

the grip was lowered over the side of the steamer and landed safely beside our heroine. She returned with it to the hotel before we knew she had gone. I can tell you I was proud of her. Were you ever separated from your luggage when in a foreign country? If so, then you know how she suffered and how she rejoiced. In the harbor are sampans, or houseboats, by the hundred, and junks or merchant boats with the big eye painted on the prow, for they say, "How can go if can not see? How can see if have not eye?"

Straits Settlement

SINGAPORE.—Three days nearer the equator and every moment getting hotter. We are just eighty miles north of the equator on an island south of, and suspended from the Malay peninsula, like a pendant from a necklace. It is the most southernly point in Asia, the capital of the Straits settlement, and like most of the seaport cities, under British control. Every passenger boat, every freight boat, every transport and every war vessel that sails from Asia to Europe puts in at Singapore. Not only is the shipping here cosmopolitan, but here are many varieties of Asiatic and European races with the different religions and modes of life. Beside the native Malaysians, many of whom are beggars or loungers on the grass in the parks, there are Chinese in great numbers, usually the laborers and merchants. British-India fakirs, Japanese artists, Siamese, Turks, Arabs, Burmese, Singhalese, Africans, Portuguese, Tamils, German and Scotch, with a large sprinkling of English and a few straying Americans.

The Malayan men are tall, with ebony oily skin, which they treat daily to a cocoanut oil bath instead of a plunge in the Straight of Malacca. The hair is very black and glossy and arranged in an old woman's knot at the back of the head below a turban of bright silk or cotton cloth. Women and some men wear a drapery of gaily striped cotton falling to the knees and knotted in front, known as a "sayrong." The back and shoulders are straight and firm. Many men wear only a loin cloth, but both sexes wear nose rings, ankle rings, bracelets and buttons screwed in the side of the nostrils. Some women had as many as two dozen gold circles in each rim of the ear and in the lobe of the ear which had been divided for that purpose. Children wear no clothing, but their fat legs and necks are loaded with silver and gold ornaments.

They have large brown eyes with long lashes, creamy olive skin and full scarlet lips. Its a curious fact that the black skin robs them of an appearance of nudity. We were told when it is cool the women use a thin silk scarf or veiling of bright plaid around their shoulders.

The sun the year round rises at ten minutes after six and sets at ten minutes after six. Singapore is not only hot, but is also very moist. It rains daily during certain seasons and the steaming earth sends forth a moisture that is enervating and depressing. Europeans that come here to live take quinine freely to prevent fever, and it is incomprehensible how much liquor they consume and show no signs of intoxication. Every man and women sitting on the hotel galleries has a glass of brandy and soda at their elbow. At the table it is drunk instead of water and it supplements the afternoon tea.

They excuse themselves by saying that the climate demands this, all of which I do not believe. Men seem to have much leisure time, and there, as well as elsewhere, "Satan finds a lot of work for idle hands to do."

The English residence quarter is hid away in the dense tropical foliage. The botanical gardens have the finest specimens of scientific tropical plants. There are many kinds of orchids; the scorpion orchid, startlingly like that huge insect, and the cathedral orchid, whose churchly lines give it its name. The traveler's palm, transplanted from the African desert, is a fan-shaped tree which, when tapped, yields a pint of water. Here are read fruit trees, from which the natives get a valuable article of diet, banana and coffee trees. The "Flame of the Forest" is a tall, stately tree with great clusters of scarlet bloom, more than eight inches across. Wild monkeys playfully swing from tree to tree, and they say tigers come down at night and destroy the palms.

The natives cook and serve everything on the

street. A man with his stove will squat down any place in the middle of the thoroughfare or on the pavement, where he broils fish and meat on skewers over a bed of charcoal. The natives crouch around on their heels, eating their portion and tendering their copper coin in payment. Gharri is the name of the vehicle which is used by every visitor; it is a small four-seated enclosed carriage drawn by a small Japanese pony.

We are stopping in one of the best hotels in the city. The dining room is a stone flagged court with many palms and vines. The music of a native orchestra sounds faintly from a distant gallery and while you sit "in the shade of a sheltering palm" native youths in white sayrongs, jackets and snowy turbans serve you to coffee, toast and marmalade with a little butter if you call for it. Each guest has at least four boys around him, since no servitor is allowed to encroach upon the preserves of the other servitors. Each bedroom opens on an individual gallery overlooking an attractive palm-filled court. The room is large with a huge four-poster bed, from the top of which hangs the very necessary mosquito netting. We never saw a mosquito, but little lizards darted about the walls and frequently fell on the bar over the bed—which is not conducive to early or sound sleep. An electric fan is necessary for comfort and goes all night near the bed.

In each room there is a flight of stairs going either up or down to a bath room. Without an idea what the stairs would lead to, I mounted them and landed on a floor of glazed brick which, slightly inclines so the water can flow out through a hole in the corner of the room. The tub was a large iron wash pot beneath a faucet of cold water, and near by hung a long-handled tin dipper with which one is expected to throw the water over the body after it has been well soaped. Instead of the regulation bath I got into the pot and had a good cold plunpe, doubtless to the

great disgust of the "China boy" who had to empty and clean the pot, and to the great amusement of my friends when I told the story at the breakfast table.

Just across the bay, an hour's ride from Singapore, is Johore, a sultanate, the most southernly point of the Malay peninsula. Johore has a resident sultan whose palace shelters twenty-six wives. This Malayan nobility is only thirty-four years old. The English kindly allow him to live his life of ease in memory of better days, and to afford them a gambling resort and a rendezvous for the many nations of people now congregated at Singapore.

On the Straits of Malacca from Singapore to Rangoon, Burma, is a seven days' voyage on a British-India vessel. After eighteen hours' steady run we came to Port Swettonham, named for a former governor of the peninsula. As the steamer would spend a day in unloading and loading, we decided to board a train near the wharf for Kaula Lumpur, the capital of the Federated Malay States. It was an hour's ride through banana and cocoanut groves, and beside thousands of acres of rubber trees where the natives were barking the trees or emptying the cups fastened to the trees to catch the thick exuding substance. Later this fluid is taken to the mill, mixed with acetic acid and kneaded into a dough, then passed several times over cylinders to flatten it. Finally a dark fluid is added and it is cut into sheets, rolled up, tied and put on barges, London bound—a very remunerative industry in the hands of the English.

Kaula Lumpur means Mud Springs. It was once a health resort for the natives, but today it is a prosperous city beautifully clean, with broad streets, handsome homes and business houses constructed of white stone. The railroad station is of stone and white tile.

Meanwhile our boat had taken aboard men, women and children of all nationalities bound for Penang to live upon the small supply of money they

had from gathering the rubber crop near here. We leaned on the deck rail to better see and study these strange looking folk. Men and women were alike clad in the one "sayrong" garment. A few of the men wore beard and all had toe and earrings, anklets and bracelets. One old man was holding a sleeping child across his bare knees while he nodded and slept, sitting up. A few of the young women were handsome, some with babies strapped on their backs. There were East Indians of the lowest caste with the white marks across their forehead, significant of their pariahship; Malay men and Javanese and Chinese all scrambling for a place to spread the bit of matting that serves as bed, chair and table for the native of the East. Coffee used to be the chief product of the peninsula, but today it is rubber. It takes five years for trees to mature sufficiently to be tapped.

Here the Perah river empties into the Malacca Straits and a jungle stretches down to the river bank. They say snakes and wild animals dwell here in primitive solitude, and tigers are so bold they come out at night in search of food.

The cabin boys on the India steamers are Mohammedans. They wear long white cotton robes down to their bare feet, a belt of three twisted coils of black and white cotton and a queer little black and white hat shaped like a soup bowl is perched atop their long, straggling black hair. The deck hands look like sure enough pirates in long blue cotton robes confined with a brilliant scarlet sash and a turban of the same vivid color. After the meals are served the serving men place all the soiled dishes and silver on trays in the dining room saloon floor and provide themselves with buckets of hot water, when they wash and dry the articles.

Just before sunset men from below deck come on the forward deck for devotional exercises. Being sun worshipers, they kneel on rugs with faces toward the declining sun. They pray aloud, leaning over to touch

the floor with their foreheads, and rising suddenly to their feet with folded arms, they call aloud, "Allah! Allah!" This exercise lasts at least ten minutes.

This afternoon when looking on such an impressive scene we heard a Chinese in no uncertain tone of voice calling for help. Instantly prayers were forgotten and the devotees rushed below, where the Chinese were fighting with sticks and open knives. The commanding voice of the captain was heard above the clamor and instantly knives fell to the floor, the fighting Chinese were manacled to be delivered over to the authorities on reaching Rangoon, and the wounded with blood streaming down their faces were hurried to their bunks, leaving us to wonder over the meaning of it all. One reported 'twas a gambling dispute, another that an Indian stoker struck a Chinese helper; howbeit, I was scared enough to think of starvation and wild animals and probable death, and later rejoiced to know we are due at Penang tomorrow.

At Penang the motley steerage passengers went ashore. We followed and made straight for the market place to see and buy the native fruits we had been reading of. As Miss Scidmore says, the mangosteen is delicious. It is about the size of a medium sized apple; the color is dark brown. You cut it in half on the circumference when "what to your wondering eyes should appear" a center of pure white with divisions like an orange. The flavor is a combination of frozen lemon, orange and pineapple. There is an outstanding offer of fifty gold sovereigns to any one who will ship to King George of England a box of mangosteen in a perfect state of preservation. Suppose such a thing is impossible, as tropical fruits seldom go so far. The darian is the size of a small pineapple. It has a green rough exterior with a yellow interior, and seeds like our persimmon—but, horrors, the odor is of stale cheese, spoiled eggs and buttermilk, so strong it was smelled from aft to stern and we held

our noses while the mate devoured it with relish, saying, "It is an acquired taste," which we do not doubt.

After two more days of river we come to Rangoon on the Rangoon river. We saw the Golden Pagoda from afar, known here as the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, the most venerable and universally visited place of worship in Indo-China. Onequarter million dollars' worth of gold has been used in its construction. From top to bottom it is covered with gold plates twelve inches square and one-fourth inch thick, of twenty-two karat gold. It was constructed by voluntary labor; the money and jewels with which the vane is richly studded flowed in from all parts of Burma. It is the only pagoda known to Buddhists which is credited with containing actual relics, not only of Gaudama Buddha, but of the three Buddhas who preceded him in this world. As in the case of all pagodas, each side faces one of the cardinal points of the compass. This stately pile stands upon a mound whose ascent is by four flights of steps, one opposite each side. The upper terrace rises one hundred and sixty feet from the level of the ground. The stairs are covered by a rising series of handsomely carved teakwood roofs supported by huge pillars. The cross beams and panels are embellished with frescoes representing scenes in the life of Gaudama Buddha and his disciples and with strange and hideous representations of the tortures of the wicked.

The steps are exceedingly worn by the feet of myriads of worshipers and sightseers. There are yearly pilgrimages from Cambodia, Siam and Corea. The circumference of the pagoda is 1,355 feet and the height 370 feet. All pagodas are surmounted by an umbrella. This one is of gold and suspended from it are many rings which hold gold and silver jeweled bells. This umbrella was presented by the late king of Burma and placed on the summit at a cost of \$250,000. At the corners of the base are Assyrian-like figures with two bodies and one head, half lion, half man,

with huge ears. The four chapels at the foot of the pagoda have colossal figures of the sitting Buddha, the gilding darkened in many places by the fumes from thousands of burning candles. Hundreds of images of Gaudama Buddha—large, small, sitting, standing or reclining, made of alabaster, sundried clay and wood—surround the colossal images of Gaudama. Lion figures are placed at the foot of all the steps. High stone altars are for the offerings of rice, candies, fruits and flowers which the worshipers bring before daylight and long after midnight. The chanting of prayers is heard on all sides. Surrounding the large pagoda are many small pagodas, each with its image houses overflowing with gifts. The worshipers kneel on the bare stones and with clasped hands prostrate themselves before the gods. Figures of Buddha are seen in low stone chapels, and bamboo frames covered with paper depicting scenes from sacred history. Here hang bells which with a wooden stick the worshiper strikes as he passes to call the attention of men to his acts of piety. One bell is enormous, inside of which half a dozen men can stand. It was presented by a Burmese king, and bears a long inscription recounting the merits of the king.

On this sacred spot was much desperate fighting with the English, who endeavored to transport the large bell to Calcutta, but by some mishap it landed at the bottom of the Rangoon river. After some years the Burmese were granted the privilege to raise it triumphantly to its present location. Buddhists fix the date of the erection of this pagoda at 588 B. C., but the site was sacred years before, since the relics of Gaudama's predecessors were found interred here by the Talsing brothers, Ri and Tapaw, when they came with the eight precious hairs of Gaudama to the sacred hill.

Buddha, the founder of the Buddhist religion, was opposed to caste, holding that all men are equal. The law of doctrine is reverence, self-control, kindness to all men, and a recognition of the sanctity of life. Gau-

dama Buddha was born 500 years before Christ. He married and at the birth of a son retired into a jungle, fearing lest the new tie should bind him too closely to things of earth. He was at that time thirty years of age. He remained six years in retirement, and through privations and meditation, found enlightenment. Then he came out and began preaching. Buddhism is a religion of singular simplicity. It teaches that all life is sad, but its sadness depends upon the individual and not his surroundings. He must work out his own happiness unaided. He can attain Nirvana if he is persistent in his striving, and there he will find peace. It is a religion of faith and works; it recognizes neither rites nor ordinances, but holds that one's future depends upon one's self.

This one glorious pile is the dominant note of this Burmese city, and fully eighty-five per cent of its population are Buddhists. Monasteries are numerous here, and in the center of the city of Rangoon is the Sule Pagoda.

Rangoon is the capital of Burma with two hundred thousand inhabitants, having a trade next to Calcutta and Bombay. The Burmese are of Mongolian descent. They are short of stature, their style of dress never changes and the men and women dress alike. It is a short jacket of linen or silk and a closely fitting silk skirt of some brilliant color, usually yellow or red. If the wearer is well-to-do, the jacket has jeweled buttons. Some of the men wear a bright silken scarf or kerchief on the head, while a woman's head is bare save for the jeweled ornaments or a rose thrust coquettishly in the jet black hair. The woman's uncorseted figure is slender and girlish, even after middle life, and she walks erect and well poised.

Carrying burdens on the head is said to be responsible for her graceful carriage. The women of every class smoke huge cheroots, from eight to ten inches long and quite thick. The men are by nature idle, and love pleasure. The women are the workers; they at-

tend to all business and are said to be more capable than the men. The markets are owned by the city, and are the centers of gossip with the natives. The bazaars are picturesque. Silk lacque work and silverware are particularly attractive. Valuable minerals are found here and precious stones in quantities, among them rubies and sapphires. Five-sixths of the total cultivated area is planted in rice, and the forests abound in fine trees; among them teak holds a conspicuous place. In all Burma has 1,200,000 square miles of territory, portions of which have been annexed by the British at various times since 1824 until 1866, when the entire country became part of the empire.

Burma is the scene of the suffering and service of the Baptist missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Judson. Since their work in Rangoon in 1813, Burma has been regarded as the most interesting and successful mission field anywhere in the East. The work among the Karens, a people whose traditions marvelously prepared them for the reception of the gospel, has been especially successful, there being over 100,000 Christians among them, who not only sustain the institutions of Christianity among themselves, but also send ministers to evangelize other tribes and peoples in this and adjacent lands.

As we steamed out of the river the lights were turned on, when myriads of gnats and other small insects thickened the atmosphere, so breathing was barely possible. At the dinner table the white cloth could well have been called black; to eat was impossible; a fine demonstration of life in a swamp of insects.

This, December 12th, is Dubar Day at Delhi, and we are yet two days from India, but hope to get to the scene of action in time to see King George and Queen Mary. To celebrate the event, about a dozen young Englishmen aboard our steamer gathered around the piano, sang patriotic songs, and with champagne, wine and lemonade drank toasts to the king-emperor and queen-empress. They kindly invited the Americans to

join with them, and since Americans were never known to refuse a good thing, the invitation was accepted.

From the Bay of Bengal we enter the Hoogli river, one of the many estuaries of the sacred Ganges. Ninety miles from Calcutta the shifting shoals of the river make it extremely dangerous to navigate and a special pilot is taken on each steamer as it enters the river. The most dangerous shoal is called the "James and Mary," from a vessel which was wrecked there many years ago. For six miles the river is full of dangers and the trip is always made in daylight when the tides are favorable.

Along the banks arise white towers of refuge where the shipwrecked may save themselves from the beasts of prey that roam the jungles. Is it any wonder we were glad to land at Calcutta?

India

ONE-HALF of India's population of 300,000,000, or one-sixth of the whole human race, swarm like bees or crawl upon the earth like ants. The Hindus consider one not of their faith an outcast and unclean, while the Brahmins believe in whatever social stratum a man is born there he must live and die. He must not marry out of his class or caste. The Hindu does not expect or desire a change; although education and culture befit him to fill a higher station, he thinks it wrong to evade the decree of heaven. The various castes will not drink from the same well, or use the same dishes, or occupy the same quarters.

The native of each caste is proud of his mark, which he paints on his forehead. Some are in white paint and some in red, put on in lines, scrolls, dots, crescents and many other forms. The native of the lowest caste lives in direst squalor. His hut is of mud, a hole in the ground with a straw-thatched roof plastered over with cakes of cow dung mixed with dried grass. This is the only fuel the natives have. They have no chimneys in their hovels; the family huddles around a blaze made on the ground outside the hut.

The crippled and maimed, the 'misshapen and blind, the half naked men, like skeletons, and shriveled old women, like mummies, all are beggars and cling to the carriage steps and beg for "backsheesh." If you refuse them, which you do not often find in your heart to do, seemingly they do not resent it. There seem as many religious faiths in India as there are beggars, and every temple has its coterie of "holy" men, nothing but religious vagrants, who sit in supposed profound meditation and claim to have renounced the world.

These lazy fellows live in absolute idleness, supported by individuals—many of them hard working, underfed people—so great is the Hindu regard for a devotee. The professional beggars sit out in the sun, their hair dyed a bright red, and their almost naked bodies covered with ashes.

One is apt to come upon a Mohammedan at his worship at any time or place. At stated intervals the devout white-robed Mohammedan drops to his knees, be it in the street, in the mosque, or by the roadside. He grovels and murmurs and salaams and kisses the earth, regardless of onlookers. One often meets a Mohammedan woman on the streets, her long draperies concealing her from head to toe. There are slits for the eyes and nose in the white mask she wears over her face. The Hindu women do not conceal the face entirely; they wear a graceful drapery over the head and when approaching a stranger, draw the scarf down or across the face. They adorn themselves fearfully and wonderfully.

It is impossible for a stranger to distinguish between the castes, but those women one meets on the streets are loaded down with jewelery, nose rings, oftentimes five inches in diameter, nose "bosses," a sort of jeweled ornament, piercing one nostril. Bracelets of silver or glass are worn by the unmarried from wrist to elbow; worn from elbow to armpit denotes marriage. Anklets of heavy beaten silver with ornaments attached attract attention to the coy maiden; strings of beads swing from neck and waist. The bare toes are be ringed as are also the fingers. Scant skirt and scantier blouse constitute the costume of a Hindu woman.

Hindu women, even of the better caste, are not given the same educational advantages the men have. Before marriage they are obedient to the will of their father; after marriage they are slaves of their husbands.

Hinduism has no creed. It is a loose federation whose only uniting bond is a general consent, expressed or implied, to an undefined brotherhood of sympathy and loyalty to an unwritten tradition that "we are all one body, though differing greatly."

While they worship many gods, they are loyal to each other. The number of child widows in India has

been variously estimated from one million to many times that number. Child marriage is the rule in India, for they are betrothed at an early age, mere infants, in fact. The father of the girl gives to the parents of the boy a sum of money commensurate with his means. The marriage does not take place until the years of maturity are reached; in the meantime the little girl is carefully guarded in her parents' home. If the boy dies before the marriage takes place the virgin widow may never marry again. She is an object of contempt and derision, and must do penance the rest of her days.

The older widow who has borne children is to be pitied even more than the child widow. She has her family to support, and only the most menial tasks are given her to do. The widow believes that an evil spirit within her murdered her husband and that she must make many sacrifices and do penance in order to appease the gods.

As soon as the husband dies, the female relatives of the widow cut the thread by which is suspended about her neck the *Tahly*, the little gold ornament which all Indian wives wear as a symbol of marriage. Her head is then shaven and her bright garments taken from her and a plain white cotton robe substituted. She may not attend any festival or rejoicing of any description.

One wonders if of the two evils the "suttee" practice, forbidden by the government twenty years ago, were not more humane than the present system of social ostracism. Then the widow threw herself on her husband's funeral pyre and was soon reduced to ashes—now she must die a slow death hounded by humiliation and despair.

The fakirs are in evidence everywhere in the cities of India. For a few cents they apparently make a tree grow five feet in as many minutes from a small seed planted in a pot of earth. They carry the hideous flat-headed cobra snakes in bags over their shoul-

ders or in baskets. Squatting on the ground with the basket in front of them, they play a weird measure on a flute-like musical instrument. The fakir is oftentimes accompanied by a mongoose, a small furry animal not unlike our squirrel. If one pays enough he may see the mongoose and cobra in a fight to the death. Of course the mongoose always kills the snake.

On one occasion a man put a woman in a basket, shut the lid down fast and tied it up securely; then he thrust swords from side to side through the basket and in a few minutes untied the basket, when out stepped the woman smiling and ready to gather in the coin.

How quiet and peaceful the unassuming reed-pipe looks! You would scarcely imagine it to be capable of the tremendous noise which the temple boys are wont to produce with it. Let scores of them be at work besides drums, bells, gongs, tamborines and little drums, and you can have the nerve-destroying music which is inseparably connected with Buddhist festivals and temples. The Buddhist priests are clean shaven, with shorn heads and yellow flowing cloaks slung around their shoulders. Usually when walking they carry large palm leaf fans. There are about five hundred European men to one European woman in India, and in the Straits Settlement the advent of a young, good-looking girl or even an old, plain-looking girl, is hailed with delight. The men vie with each other in lavishing attentions on her and her path is figuratively strewn with roses and literally with bonbons, automobile rides and theater parties. Not only is this true in the cities, but on the large rubber estates and tea and coffee plantations.

I heard of a young Scotch woman who had been out to visit her brother on a plantation. There were forty bachelors living within a radius of ten miles. She returned home with much excess baggage in the shape of tiger skins, spear heads and points, elephant goads, silk sayrongs, jade jewelry and unset gems, all the gifts of men who offered their hearts and several

acres of rubber. At Calcutta we met a young man of London who for four years had been living at a tea garden in Northern India. From him we learned of the lonely lives of the men, who build large bungalows in the midst of their estates with Indian men servants to look after their needs. Often several men live together; then the bungalows are called "Chumeries," and a set of rules are drawn up, which must be observed. One rule makes it imperative for each man to wear a dinner coat to dinner. It was quite necessary to enforce that rule. If they did not the men would in a short while slump into an untidy state and wear as few clothes as the natives. Our friend was leaving India for Australia, since he had been having chills and fever almost a year, and not he alone, but most of the men who live at tea gardens where the ground is unusually marshy.

CALCUTTA

We will now enter through Calcutta, the British gateway to India. As usual we made straight for Thomas Cook & Sons' for mail, and if you've ever traveled in foreign lands you know how we felt when a bundle of home letters was handed to us between the brass bars. After devouring them we made arrangements for a tour through India from Calcutta to Bombay with a native "boy" to chaperone us. After tiffin—lunch—we started out with Asrut Hosain on a tour of observation.

The English have been here long enough to broaden streets, make parks and erect statues and modern buildings like those in England. The narrow streets and open air bazaars of the native quarter with all sorts of arts and crafts—work carried on in full view of the strolling multitude interested us most, even if the smells were overpowering. Rudyard Kipling says:

"For diffused, soul-sickening expansiveness, the stench of Calcutta beats both Benares and Peshawar."

Bombay cloaks her stench with a veneer of tobacco and disinfectants. Calcutta is above pretense. There is no tracing back the plague there to any source. It is faint, it is sickly, and it is indescribable. It is certainly not an Indian smell. It resembles the essence of corruption that has rotted for the second time, and there is no escape from it."

A clever woman of southern California says:

"If Edgar Allen Poe, whose beautiful verse is receiving a tardy and greatly merited recognition, had visited Calcutta and had written 'The Smells' instead of 'The Bells' he would have sprung into instant notoriety. How rhythmically he could have dwelt on the smells something like this:

"O Calcutta of the smells,
 What a lot of cholera there s-melody foretells;
 Through the torrid air of night
 They enfold us like a blight.
 Is it sewer gas
 Or rodent dead?
 O, the stench that round me floats,
 Can it be the sacred goats?
 Can it be the carnal house or prison cell?
 O, Calcutta, you outrank
 Limburg cheese and septic tank
 With your smells, smells, smells, smells, smells, smells,
 smells."

The only one thing I knew I wanted to see in Calcutta was the Black Hole of which I read, and over whose tragedy I cried when a child. In this dungeon, 22x14 feet, one hundred and forty-six English men and women were crowded on the night of the 20th of June, 1756, after they were overpowered by the Bengalis. When morning dawned it was found that only twenty-three of the number had survived the fearful night's experience. The spot is now marked by a stone floor showing the dimensions of the room and a marble tablet in memory of those who lost their lives. A handsome postoffice building adjoins it.

Next we went through narrow, filthy streets, up steep alley ways, where beside the "sacred bull" we

climbed to the Jain Temple; but the all-pervading odor cut short our stay. Since then I have read of their faith and have respect for their opinions. Jain means "conquerors of vice," and while these people worship idols they live clean, pure lives. They believe that all animal life has a soul and think souls repose in all inorganic matter. They think it a sin to take any animal life, and to prevent breathing in and killing the infinitesimal insects that impregnate the air of India they bind a cloth about the mouth. A Jain feels a disgust when he sees a European feeding on the flesh of any animal. To murder a cow, sheep or chicken is to him worse than manslaughter because the animal is weaker, the man stronger, and because all have souls. They consider the use of spirituous liquors the most infamous of vices and the most debasing to human nature. Infidelity in husband or wife is a crime punishable with death. They place the highest value on chastity and honesty. They believe the greatest honor that can come to a family is the advent of many children. A pilgrim to the Jain temple at Mt. Abu has written:

"Along the brown, dusty road, bordered by chaparral and cacti, amble the strange, stage-like figures; the men, splendid bronze figures, bare save for a loin-cloth and a band of white about the mouth; the women in décolleté bodices, reaching just below the breast, and a wide pleated crimson skirt, fastened low about the hips.

"En route to this Mecca of Jain faith, the little band is equipped with bedding and food all strapped on huge awkward camels. There are many children in the group, of all ages, and all bare save for a superabundance of silver bangles. The men bear brass lamps with seven tiny lighted wicks swimming in a bath of oil. The lamps are shaped like that of the vestal virgin, or, to be more bluntly definite, like a gravy boat. One man kneels in the road beside a wayside shrine. He presents the lamp to his forehead, then follows the outline of a cross with the flaming urn. The sunshine glints on his freshly oiled body

and in his religious ardor he seems to be oblivious to all about him. The "holy men" beat with bare knuckles on oval pigskin drums."

But to return to our mutton at Calcutta, from where we will go tomorrow to Benares, the "sacred city" of India.

Our one disappointment in India was being there at a time of year when the intense cold and vapor from the mountains usually prevent a good view of the Himalayas, so we were dissuaded from trying our luck at Darjeeling, of which we had read and have since heard such glowing accounts. The incomparable beauty of the snow-capped Himalayas (abode of snow) and the highest mountain in the world, Mt. Everest, named for the English engineer and surveyor general of India in 1830—Sir George Everest. Although 120 miles away this mountain can be seen from Mt. Kunchinjinga when the sun shines. At the foot of Mt. Kunchinjinga is Darjeeling, a beautiful mountain resort where the European residents of Northern and Central India spend their summer vacation. This affords me a good excuse for a second trip to India, not only to see Mt. Everest, but to have a look from those lofty heights over into the beautiful "Vale of Cashmere," long famous in song and story. We had to content ourselves with descriptions of "the roof of the world," and at the grand display of Kashmir shawls made especially for sale at the Durbar in Delhi. Incidentally I brought one home, which can easily be passed through my bracelet and the folk told me it will be perfectly good after a century, which I believe.

The great rivers of India flow from these mountains through wild, narrow gorges, often thousands of feet deep. These mountains are considered sacred among the Hindus and thousands of pilgrims ascend them yearly traveling to the holy sources of the Ganges. The Indus N. W. river, after starting from the Hima-

layas, and draining with its tributaries, 300,000 square miles, empties into the Arabian sea. The Ganges N. E. with the Jumma and other streams form part of the Bengal delta, and drains about 500,000 square miles. Other large rivers drain the central region.

Fortified with the cork topi, which prevents sunstroke, and our valet, Asrut Hassian, a native of Calcutta and a Mohammedan, a Scotch plaid roll full of sheets, pillows, rugs, towels and soap, we started from Calcutta to Benares, an exact twelve hours' ride. We took the night train so as to reach Benares by daylight. We had a luxurious compartment known as "Durbar Special," with accommodations for four. Not less than three are allowed to occupy this compartment. Very soon Asrut had the long leather upholstered seats on either side of the car and one of the berths that suspend from the ceiling covered with the new sheets, so with sofa pillows and steamer rugs we were soon to bed. We had a tiled bathroom with porcelain tub, since what Englishman can dispense with his morning bath? Plenty of water, but no towels are furnished by the railroad company. Our trusty guide slept in a small passage leading to the next compartment supposedly on his doubled under feet, or probably his small bundle contained a native blanket. Howbeit, never once during his fifteen days' stay with us did we note any change in his garments. When he bade us goodnight and when he appeared promptly every morning at 7 o'clock with our "chota hazri," little breakfast, the same little skull cap covered his head, the same small woolen scarf was around his neck, and dark brown trousers and a coat that came below his knees was his attire. The compartment was painted white inside and out. Several electric lights and a long mirror adorned the wall, and a sign framed in gilt informed us if a call for help was necessary "Pull the bell, the train will stop," but a fine of fifty rupees would be imposed for the improper use of the bell rope. We slept soundly, fearing no danger with the

watchman so near. Exactly at 7 o'clock Asrut appeared with the "chota hazri" and at 9:30 we landed at Benares.

When we read the present population of India is about three hundred million, it takes no stretch of the imagination to believe it; for at the railway stations they swarm like flies, up to the windows with trinkets to sell, over the ground so you have to pick your way through them to reach the gharri, huddled on the pavement eating like monkeys or going in droves to the temples or to the rivers. The Hindus which form the largest part of the nation are strictly those who accept the Hindu religion, or Brahminism. Brahminism dates back to about 1200 B. C. and its sacred books are called Vedas and are the oldest literary documents known, and are mainly collections of hymns. Brahminism was originally a philosophical religion, mingled with the worship of the powers of nature—Brahma, for example, was represented with four heads to indicate the four quarters of the globe, but in practice, in the course of years, the religion of India became a system of idolatry, with cruel rites and hideous images. The caste system, a part of the religion, was a grievous burden, the Brahmin caste including the priests was the highest, then the warrior caste, and the trader caste, the lower classes following. While they worship many gods and while they believe in different stages of development, their religion is loyalty to each other. This is the great religion of India. The Mohammedan religion ranks second, Buddhism third, then Parsees, the Sikhs, and Jains. The Parsees eat nothing cooked by a person of another religion, and no beef or pork; prohibit polygamy, and do not bury their dead, but expose the bodies upon an iron grating, where the vultures soon dispose of them.

The symbol of their god is the sun and they worship it by a perpetual fire upon the altars.

The word Sikhs means followers or disciples.

The founder of this religious sect in Northern India taught the worship of one God, rejected idolatry and the caste system. The Sikhs built a large temple at Amritsar, which is the headquarters of the sect. As they increased in numbers they became a great military force loyal to England. They number about 1,908,000. I have told you of the Jains, and will now tell you what Mr. Murry says of the spread of Christianity in India: "Reports show a remarkable increase of native Christians during the last decade. In Southern India the increase was 19 per cent." Of converts the Roman Catholics have the greatest number. Of the Protestants there are converts to numerous faiths, and the value of the work done in mission colleges and schools and hospitals is immense, and is becoming very far-reaching in its effect. I hope I've succeeded in putting you in the right mind to enter Benares, the best place in India to study the superstition and ignorance of native Indians of the low castes.

BENARES

Benares is the sacred city of India, the stronghold of Brahminism, the seat of Sanskrit learning and the home of Indian philosophy. It has a population of more than two hundred thousand, 75% of whom are Brahmins, the remainder mostly Mohammedans with a sprinkling of Buddhists, Parsees and Christians.

This sacred town is full of pilgrims, beggars and temples. The principal shrine is the Durga Kund, usually known as the Monkey Temple. Through narrow streets, up dirty—yes, filthy—lanes we walked beside the sacred cow up to the temple. Evidently a goat had just been sacrificed on the stone floor of the entrance way. Monkeys in numbers were lapping up the bright red blood; we understood the flesh had gone to the priest. By the temple door hung a brass tray which our "boy," Asrut, took from off the nail, when immediately the monkeys leapt, jumped and ran to

him. We soon turned in disgust from the temple, greatly preferring to visit the brass shops.

Benares is world-famed for its brass work. Brass articles of all sizes and kinds are made at the factories, which number between five and six hundred. With large brass bowls on their heads, or held tightly in their arms, the women are seen going continually for water to the Ganges, a muddy, dirty stream which the Hindus believe is so sacred that nothing can defile it, although the sewers empty into it, and the dead bodies of the priests are thrown into it, and in it they bathe and wash their clothes.

The desire of every Hindu throughout the Empire is to bathe in this river, believing that by doing so they insure the transmission of their souls into a higher caste than the one they occupy at present. They are content with their caste in this life, but hope for a better in the beyond. These waters also cleanse the soul from sin.

To see the religious ceremonies on the banks and in the river Ganges you must arise not later than 5 a. m. so as to be in a boat on the river before the rising of the sun. The river bank is high and rocky. On the summit, facing the rising sun, are the homes of the aristocrats, Rajahs and Maharajahs, and the wealthy men of India. They come here annually for their devotions and when ill are brought here, hoping the waters will cure them; if not, that they may die upon the sacred bank. These houses are in the hands of caretakers.

The entire front of these houses or porches are of glass, so we had full view of the men, who, like hundreds of others, awaited the coming of the fiery orb. Descending not less than twenty stone steps, we landed at a bathing ghat where men, women and children, with and without clothes, were in the water washing their one garment, which, when they emerge, they wring out and wrap about their brown-skinned bodies, and place the mark of their particular caste in white

or red paint on their foreheads in readiness for the sun, when they prostrate themselves full length upon the stone flagging for prayer. Those in the water dip and raise imploring hands to heaven, or with the little brass vestal-virgin shaped vessels they dip up the water three times and empty it on the top of their heads. Of course the "holy" man is there; he is on his knees on a raised platform of wood over which is a large yellow umbrella.

As soon as the rim of gold appears in the East, down they go on knees, or under the water three times, as if in acknowledgment of the Godhead, the three in one. Simultaneously with their devotion fire and smoke ascend from the "Burning Ghat," where the bodies of all Hindus dying in Benares are cremated.

An average of fifty bodies a day are incinerated. The body is wrapped in cloth, the men in white and the women in red, and carried by four native men on a bier made of bamboo poles. Reaching the water's edge the bier, with the body tied firmly on, is dipped in the sacred river, then left with the feet immersed while the mourners go to the charcoal and wood vendors to strike a bargain for fuel with which to construct the funeral pyre. After much apparent haggling the fuel is secured and piled on the ghat. The body is then loosed from the bier and placed on the pyre, and then more wood is piled on. A "holy" man with a huge oblong drum hung about his neck beats a weird tattoo, dancing about the mourners in time to the music.

Presently each man mourner squatted on his haunches in front of a barber, and without any lather and just a little water, the barber shaves his victim with a huge razor, his hone his own bare black leg. This performance is obligatory before they can witness the cremation, after which they don a clean one garment. Finally the match is applied, the wood burns readily, and while two men with long bamboo poles rake the fire to see that the body is entirely consumed,

a female relative comes with a stone jar of water on her head. She throws the jar on the fire, breaking the jar and thus extinguishing the blaze. Then women come with baskets and carefully gather up the ashes and sift them into the sacred river—saving each bit of charred wood to use for the next cremation.

The holy man is never burned, but the body is thrown into the Ganges. The body is trussed up with cords in a sitting posture with a stone slab on its chest. Men in long white robes row the boat while wailing a chant and after securing a burial permit from the officer in charge of the police boat the dead is rowed out to mid stream and without any ceremony other than the ding of the gong and chant of singers, the remains are consigned to the watery grave. The Hindus believe the "Holy" men continue to do good after they are thrown into the river; that they render the Ganges all the more sacred.

Little shrines are dotted here and there upon the ghats and there are various wells where one may drink and be rid of any disease. There is a well of knowledge where all who drink become wise; a shrine where wives pray for handsome sons. The Hindu women all worship at the shrine of fecundity. One could linger for hours in a boat on the river watching the bathing, praying, chanting, of all classes and all ages.

Sacred white cows sun themselves on the stone steps and brown figures, vividly clad, pass in endless procession. Monkeys gambol along the roofs and crows make the air discordant with their raucous cries.

The natives of India do not use much ceremony with gods that will not do their duty. Of this truth the bumptious rain god that sits so overbearingly on the bank of the Ganges could tell a tale. They throw him unmercifully into the river if he misbehaves and does not send enough rain to swell the waters of the Ganges to the desired height.

A few miles out from Benares are the ruins of the

old city of Sarnath, where Buddha appeared after his long communion in the wilderness and where he preached his first sermon.

After Calcutta, Madras and Bombay comes Lucknow as the fourth largest city of India with a population of 273,000, of whom three-fifths are Hindus. Lucknow derives its fame from its connection with the Sepoy mutiny, the native uprising in 1857. No other cities in India could hold the same interest for the English as these two places, where their soldiers, helpless women and children, were massacred.

In Lucknow the ruins of the Residency and the crowded cemetery are of deepest interest to students of English history. Particularly pathetic was its defense by a handful of men against a large native army. Memories of Henry Lawrence, Havelock, Colin Campbell and Outram stir one's heart. The term residency is now applied to the cluster of ruins which was the home of the Englishmen and their families when the defense began in 1857. The women and children lived in a subterranean apartment beneath the room in which Sir Henry Lawrence died.

The most imposing building in Lucknow is "Jumma Musjid," or principal mosque, built by Ali Shah in 1837 as a burial place for himself. The Moti Mahal, or Pearl Palace, is very beautiful. From the veranda of this palace the court enjoyed the fight of wild beasts, and on the other side of the River Goomti frequent encounters between elephants and rhinoceri were watched with great interest by the court from this same veranda.

Almost three miles from Lucknow are the elephant stables containing at least thirty-five animals which are used in loading and unloading the river boats. At this season the cargo is hay.

Wingfield Park, with its eighty acres of grounds and flower gardens adorned with white marble statues and pavilions—the Observatory and Umbrella House—add much to the beauty of the city. Cawnpore derives

fame from its connection with the "massacre" during the Indian mutiny. The mutineer Nana was then living in a palace over the prison and, learning the English were advancing upon him, ordered the women and children confined in the prison to be massacred and that the few men prisoners be brought out and killed in his presence. Butchers were sent in the prison with swords and long knives. In the morning about 200 dead and dying were pitched into a near-by well. The monument built over the fatal well is octagonal in shape, and is one of the most beautiful monuments in the world. It stands in Memorial Garden, which extends over thirty acres of grassy sward and flower beds. Over the fatal well a mound has been raised on the summit of which is a very handsome octagonal Gothic screen.

In the center of the enclosure is the figure of the Angel of the Resurrection in white marble, given by Queen Victoria, and designed by Marochetti. The angel's arms are crossed and in each arm is a large palm frond, the emblem of peace. On the arch over the entrance is inscribed, "These are they which came out of great tribulation." Around the wall which marks the circle of the well is, "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Nana and cast dying with the dead into the well below on the 20th day of July, 1857." An eighth of a mile from the well is Memorial church, built in the Romanesque style. It contains many tablets to the memory of those who fell near there in the mutiny. After a ride of five hours by train we reached Agra.

TAJ MAHAL

Agra has been a British possession for a hundred and ten years. From 1632 to 1637 Emperor Shah Jehan planned the fort, the palace and the Taj Mahal, and later a mausoleum for himself and wife. For this

great extravagance he was imprisoned by his son for seven years, being declared of unsound mind.

All my life I had dreamed of seeing the Taj Mahal, the wonderful marble tomb an adoring husband erected in memory of a loved wife. At last I find myself in the Taj garden beholding the highest form of purely decorative workmanship in the world, a dream in marble!

Arjamand Banu was the third, last, and favorite wife of the Emperor, who called her Muntaz Mahal—"Pride of the Palace." At the birth of her seventh child she died at Burhanpur and her body was laid in the garden until the Taj was built. She knew of his expectation to build the mausoleum for them, and aided him with her artistic taste.

The Taj is said to have cost ten million dollars, and it was seventeen years being constructed. Austin de Bordeaux, a Frenchman, is thought to have been the architect.

The approach to the garden is by a great gateway 880 feet long and 440 feet wide, a superb gateway of red sandstone with inscriptions from the Koran in inlaid white marble surmounted by twenty white marble cupolas. Down the center of the beautiful garden from the gateway steps to the entrance steps to the Taj there is a narrow lake with twenty-three fountains. The mausoleum stands on the center of a platform 313 feet square and 18 feet high, with tapering cylindrical minarets 133 feet high at the angles. The structure is crowned by a pointed and slightly bulbous dome, beneath which, and within an enclosure of delicately carved white marble fretwork, are the richly inlaid tombs of the Emperor and his Queen.

Above the tombs proper are the cenotaphs of carved white marble inlaid with a variety of gems in the form of flowers, mostly tiger lilies and jasmine, the latter the favorite flower of the Empress. As many as three hundred different stones are used to make one marvelously tinted mosaic flower, and the walls are

embellished with diamonds, sapphires, turquoise, pearls and semi-precious stones. Around the top of the wall are inscriptions from the Koran inlaid in black marble on the white. Over the tombs hangs a brass lamp placed there by Lord Curzon in memory of his wife.

There are two wings to the mausoleum mosques, in keeping with the beauty of the Taj. Originally there were two silver doors at the main entrance, but these were captured and melted by an enemy. Times without number has this wonderful mausoleum been described, but an adequate account of its surpassing beauty remains to be written, and failing in this, it is but idle to waste epithets on a building that defies criticism, and is within more measurable distance of perfection than any other work of man.

Shah Jehan also had built the Moti Musjid or "Pearl Mosque." He designed it like a Titian and embellished it like a jeweler. The court yard is surpassingly beautiful. In the center is a large circular marble basin near which is an ancient sun dial. An inscription at the entrance way says: "This mosque is likened to a precious pearl."

The "Gem Mosque" is a small, three-domed mosque in a corner of the yard where the ladies of the court worshiped, and where Shah Jehan was imprisoned seven years. There is a small and lower court yard which fronts the Jumma river where it is said the court jester sat on a "black throne."

The "Hall of Private Audience" has exquisite carvings of flowers with precious stones. From his throne on the terrace the Emperor looked over the river to the beautiful gardens, and from the porch of his room he sat for weeks before he died looking down the river to his beloved Taj Mahal. A staircase leads to the "Jasmine Tower," where lived Arjamand, his best beloved. The Golden Pavilion is where lived the "zenana;" in holes in the wall they slipped their jewels. Next is "Mirror Palace," where the rooms are dark, the walls are lined with mirrors, and fountains and

cascades fall over lighted lamps. The effect is weird.

We came out of the hotel just in time to see the automobile of Queen Mary go whizzing by, but we will see her tomorrow when she passes with the military escorts on their way to the station en route to Jaipur. The scene was very spectacular. Two companies of cavalymen on black horses rode by; their red coats, brass-trimmed epaulettes and burnished swords shone dazzlingly in the bright sun. The Queen is a good looking blonde of German type, who smiled graciously upon the many spectators.

A carriage drive of twenty-two miles over a good road and under shade trees leads to Fatehpur Sikri. Up a steep hill on a broad plateau are the magnificent ruins of a palace built and occupied in 1570 by Akbar, the father of Shah Jehan. Over the city gate are rooms in which lived the musicians who played as Akbar passed through the gate. Stone latticed screens are much in evidence to shut from view the "House of Miriam," Akbar's Portuguese Christian wife. Over Miriam's garden gate are the protecting wings of angels, and within the garden the zenana mosque.

Near by is "Elephant Gate," a circular tower studded with protruding elephants' tusks, said to have been erected over the grave of Akbar's favorite elephants. No wood was used in the construction of this extraordinary palace to which the words of Victor Hugo fitly apply: "If it were not the most minute of palaces, it was the most gigantic of jewel cases." In the stables were stone rings for halters, 204 in number, probably for camels and horses.

A short distance away is the tomb of Salim Chisti, the priest of the Emperor, who after the death of the Emperor's first son prophesied the coming of a second son, which was fulfilled in the advent of Shah Jehan. Childless women, both Hindu and Mohammedan, resort to the tomb and pray for the intercession of the priest.

We leave the city by the Gate of Victory, 130 feet

high. In the archway is engraved "King of Kings, Shadow of God. Muhammad Akbar, the Emperor, on his return from conquering the kingdoms of the South, came to Fatehpur Sikri in the forty-sixth year of his reign, 1601 A. D." On the opposite side of the arch is inscribed, "Isa, on whom be peace, said: 'This work is a bridge; pass over it, but build no house on it; the world endures but an hour—spend it in devotion.'" The doors of this gateway are strung with horse shoes affixed by the owners of sick horses who implore the prayers of the saint for their recovery. Outside the gate are the houses of Abu and Taizi, the learned favorites of Akbar. These are now used as a boys' school, and in the several rooms Hindustani, Urdu, Persian, Arabic and English are taught.

The farms are in a high state of cultivation. Flax, cotton, rice and sugar cane were being watered by irrigation. The bullocks drew water from the wells in pigskin bags which the farmers emptied into the canals.

DELHI

We were advised not to try Delhi for the Durbar. We were told we could not get shelter of any kind, and that it would be impossible to obtain food in a city taxed with hundreds of thousands of troops and visitors; nevertheless to Delhi we went, if it was the eleventh hour and if the city did look like a ball room after the ball is over. The Queen we saw three times in Agra; King George was hunting tiger; the crimson carpet was still on the ground in the garden where was held Queen Mary's garden party. The streets were decked in bunting and flags, and the salve applied to our disappointment was, "It's well you did not come sooner, for you would have had to make a bed of the ground," and "Thank your stars you were not here to the Durbar, when we had to sit in the hot sun three hours and parasols were not allowed, and three of us fainted."

We heard of four cases of smallpox among those who had crossed the Pacific when we did, and 'twas traced to India. One little boy was buried in Ceylon, a bride and groom were quarantined, and the father of the boy was sent to a native hospital. A gentleman from New York had a sunstroke Durbar day, which weakened his mentality, and we were told he would never recover. We were warned never to be in the sun without a topee hat, never to turn our backs to the sun else we'd have sunstroke; warned not to eat green vegetables because of the soil's poor drainage; told that meat is too heavy, that we must on no account eat acid fruits because they made the blood thin, that one must drink the bottled water and live on rice and curry. We longed more than ever for the good hydrant water at home, a hot biscuit with butter and a saucer of peaches and cream. The East is absorbingly interesting and the native study from a sociological standpoint is an education, but it takes a stout heart and a clear brain and a strong physique to meet the suggestions of disaster without succumbing. The Durbar has passed into history long before this, but perhaps an American's impressions will be readable, so I will give you what I heard.

"The English troops, of course, came first, and the king's trumpeters wore dazzling scarlet and gold uniforms. These contrasted not unpleasantly with the dark blue and gold of the gunners and the sober brown khaki of the volunteers. When George the Fifth rode by on a splendid black charger, he in the splendid uniform of a field marshal, with the blue ribbon of the Star of India crossing his tunic, a richer, gayer sight than the king-emperor's entry—as the pageant was called—mortal vision never looked on. Not a rousing heaven-echoing cheer such as we give our mayor when he rides in a parade, but a dignified, thoughtful expression of approval. The queen-empress followed in the splendid state carriage drawn by six horses. She

was attended by her mistress of robes and the Lord High Steward.

"She wore a robe of soft white silk, brocaded in a design of roses and true lover's knots, in pastel shades of pink and blue. She wore the badge of the Order of the Garter and also of the Crown of India. Her hat was of white straw; it was trimmed with shaded pink and blue ostrich tips. She held a parasol of white moire and she bowed graciously to the right and left as the carriage passed slowly along.

"It was a matter of deep regret to the Indian princes that no elephants appeared in the parade. It seems that the Queen-Empress is unable to ride the large beasts, the rocking motion causing her to suffer from nausea. So out of deference to the Queen, no one appeared on an elephant.

"After the English officials passed and the royal scions began coming in in their state carriages, it all seemed like a bewildering stage picture, a panorama of vivid coloring and flashing, dazzling, glinting light from bejeweled crowns and robes. There were state carriages heavily emblazoned with pure gold and set with precious gems. Some of the vehicles were shaped like Cleopatra's barge and entirely covered under their jeweled trappings, the golden chains clanking and the silver fringes swaying.

"In these carriages sat the royal princes of India, their dusky faces crowned with turbans, heavily encrusted with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and other precious gems. Their exquisite robes were woven of heaviest gold and silver embroidery, the design picked out in seed pearls or other tiny jewels. Many wore breast plates of glowing rubies, others wore ropes of pearls about the neck and turban. From bare brown arms flashed diamonds and emeralds, and jewel-encrusted girdles had gem fringes worth a king's ransom.

"Then there were mailed horsemen clad in chain armor from crest to spur. The trumpeters blew fanfares upon horns of curious shape and the horses

arched their necks and caracoled to the time of the music. In each native prince's carriage sat with him a quiet figure in plain blue uniform. They are the King-Emperor's English representatives, ever present in every Indian province to assist in guiding the ship of state. The only Indian lady in the pageant was the Begum of Bhopal, the only and last Queen in India. When she dies her son will succeed her.

"She wears trousers, for she is a Mohammedan. She wore drapery of pale blue and her head and face were completely covered. Two small slits in the mask over her face marked her eyes. Her son, the prince, sat with her in the carriage. The Begum is a woman of refinement and education. She speaks English well and travels often in Europe, but always closely veiled. She has written a book on India, a glimpse into the life of the women of India.

"In the pageant were serious looking, gawky camels, literally burdened with gold and silver trappings; there were huge bejeweled fans waved by attendants over royal heads and there were great golden, gem-set umbrellas to shield the royal heads. Many of the troops had leopard skin saddle blankets.

"A note of great interest was when the mustered veterans appeared. These were white-haired, white-bearded Englishmen and Indians who held Lucknow and stormed Delhi during the Sepoy mutiny. These were rewarded impartially with the Victoria cross, which emblem of service was worn on the tunic of their uniforms. There were judges of the high court, archbishops in red robes and white caps. For vividness, variety of color and gayness, surely the King's entry into Delhi was never equaled since the field of the Cloth of Gold. It was like an Arabian Night's entertainment.

"The next day the King-Emperor unveiled the cornerstone upon which the equestrian statute of his father, the late King Edward, will be placed. Then the coronation on Tuesday. The invitations read,

'Levee dress will be worn.' Another razzle dazzle scene in the open field. King and Queen in state robes, ermine mantles, white satin gown and diamonds, seated in crimson velvet throne chairs shaded by a huge white silk umbrella, the long handle inlaid with the gems of India.

"Evidently they were sweltering while the on-lookers were sizzling in the sun, despite the fact it was winter time in India. At the call of the names of the Maharajahs and the Begum of Bhopal they left their seats in front of the throne and with a stately air and tread they approached the throne steps and after frequent salaams—first to the Emperor, then Empress—returned with the same measured step to their seats. The one woman in her clinging garment with long strings of pearls and diamonds reaching to the hem of her white satin robe was the most attractive feature of the performance—the star actor."

For the first time since reaching this land of the East I was glad the folk can not hurry. The archways, public buildings, seating stands and the garden where was held the Queen's garden party a few days before were decorated in crimson and gold and were intact.

When it takes a half dozen Indians one hour to serve a light breakfast when you are expected at the far-off station in another hour you fully appreciate Kipling's graphic description:

"It is not good for the Christian race
To worry the Aryan brown,
For the white man riles
And the brown man smiles,
And it weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight
Is a tombstone white
With the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph clear,
'A fool lies here
Who tried to hurry the East.'"

When the Persian Nadir Shah left Delhi in 1739 he took with him immense treasures estimated at seventy millions sterling, including the famous Peacock throne and the Kohinoor diamond.

At last Persian rule is overthrown, but the Peacock throne can not be located. In the garden where the Queen's tea party was held we found the "Hall of Audience," where the throne once stood. A pavilion of white marble with doric columns supporting a ceiling said to have been plated with silver over the north and south arches is written the famous Persian distich:

"If on earth there be an Eden of bliss,
It is this, it is this, none but this."

In the center of the pavilion once stood the Peacock throne. In its absence I borrowed Murray's Hand Book of India and read: "It was called Peacock throne because the figures of two peacocks stood behind the throne, their expanded tails inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds and pearls. The throne itself was six feet long and four feet broad, the six massive feet with the body were of solid gold inlaid with many precious gems. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold and a fringe of pearls. Between the peacocks was a figure of a parrot of ordinary size said to have been carved from a single emerald. On each side of the throne was an umbrella—emblem of royalty—made of crimson velvet richly embroidered and fringed with pearls; the handles were eight feet high of gold studded with diamonds." The throne was planned by Austin de Bordeaux, who, after defrauding several of the princes of Europe by means of false gems which he manufactured with great skill, sought refuge at the court of Shah Jehan, where he made a large fortune as the architect of the Taj Mahal and was in high favor with the Emperor.

The "Pearl Mosque" of white and gray marble was

built in 1635 A. D. The "Jumma Mosque," with three gateways surmounted with fifteen marble domes with spires tipped with gold, and six fluted marble minarets is here. Only the Mogul Emperor could enter the middle gateway, so now only the King, Queen and Viceroy of England may do so. In a corner of the pavilion is a Koran written in the seventh century, Mohammed's slipper and his footprint on a stone, and a hair of his moustache. The old man in charge of these relics looked so serious we could scarcely refrain from laughing, but for a few copper coins his face was in a broad grin—as for that, money makes all the world laugh.

Tomorrow Queen Mary will be in Jaipur and so will we.

JAIPUR

Jaipur, "City of Victory," is the capital of the independent state of Rajputana, with a population of 143,000. The streets are wide and regular; some are one hundred and eleven feet wide. The town is surrounded by rugged hills crowned with forts, the principal one being Tiger Fort, the treasury of the Maharajah. A hall with seven gateways encloses the city. The palace of the Maharajah with its beautiful garden of flowers, trees and fountains occupies the center of the city and one-seventh of its area.

The best enamel work of India is done here. The cutting and setting of rubies and other stones found in the state affords employment to many natives. Amber, the old capital of the state of Rajputana, is seven miles beyond the city of Jaipur. It is necessary to obtain a permit to visit Amber. Elephants are necessary to take the travelers up the very steep hill to the deserted palace from Chambrabagh, where we came by carriage.

Four of us agreed to mount a huge elephant by a ladder. We climbed gingerly to the padded howdah on the back of the pachyderm and he leisurely carried

us up the steep mountain road. To the howdah was attached a board which was lowered as a resting place for our feet; but for that am sure some one would have fallen. A lady of the party begged pitiously to be allowed to dismount, and when the old fellow puffed like an engine, scattering the dust worse than an automobile, I, too, got shaky, and wished more than ever that I was a featherweight instead of a heavyweight.

While he made the last long pull to the summit I held my breath to aid him and when we finally dismounted—it had seemed hours—I wanted to imitate Christopher Columbus by falling on my knees and returning thanks to the Great Deliverer. On the way up we passed lares and penates, which in India means wives and children, and salaaming Indians who suavely informed us that the Maharajah would like the "American photograph." Of course we were willing to accommodate his royal highness at fifteen rupies per half dozen photos.

The tricks were all so transparent that we really enjoyed our donation to the treasury of the Amber exchequer. We were surrounded by serfs, vassals and minions. Some goaded the elephant in the back and some prodded him in front. One picked roadside blossoms for us, and one ran halooing in front of the caravan to clear the way. Many handed us drinks at the refreshment booth and others turned somersaults in the dusty roads for our entertainment, and all stood in line and exacted annas when our destination was reached. We found in India that one need not go into Jericho to fall among thieves.

The old palace occupies a beautiful situation on the brow of a steep hill. From the terraced balcony, moss-grown and ivy-wreathed, one looks out through a cleft in the hills to the valley spread out like a prayer rug at the foot of a colossal altar. The interior is beautiful with the highest expression of artistic workmanship in marble and brass. Delicately carved marble screens the windows through which the beauties

of the harem viewed, in the olden days, the elephant fights in the court yard below. Inside the palace grounds is a Hindu temple, where the goddess Kali is worshiped. Each morning the Maharajah donates a kid, which is sacrificed at the altar and the flesh given to the palace caretakers for food.

The gateways to the palace are superb and exquisite hand decorated brass. The ruined city is surrounded by a crenallated wall and on a height above is a fort still garrisoned by a native troop of soldiers.

The new Jaipur suffers by comparison with the old. However, the streets are clean, and when driving through them one sees every feature of native life unconcealed. It is brimful of Oriental life and color and the natives seem happy and prosperous. Apparently, they eat, sleep and work on the pavements. Groups of women sit on the curbstones embroidering the slippers for which the place is famous. Others sift grain in huge straw baskets, then pass it on to others who grind it between flat stones. Another woman mixed the grain with water, and small boys, clad only in their dusky skins, kneaded the dough, using both knees and fists. A charcoal fire close by baked the loaves which were offered for sale.

At a well by the roadside a picturesque Rebekah, in flowing crimson robe, drew the water which she carried away on her head in a stone jar. In the center of the city is a square where sacred cows wander aimlessly about, their horns gaily painted and garlands of flowers about their necks. Multitudes of cooing pigeons flutter about begging for the grain which the natives all carry for them. At sunset the Maharajah's band plays in the square. The music is a caterwauling shriek and wail which makes the traveler flee. Truly, life in Jaipur is picturesque.

AHMEDABAD

We stopped over here to spend a quiet Christmas. Across the hall from us are three American women

chattering merrily over a small cedar tree they have planted in a pot in the center of a small table. I more than half regret our stopover, for the sight of that tree ablaze with tapers has made me oh! so homesick. My heart is too heavy for talk, or sleep, so I sit thinking—thinking of the loved and lost, thinking of my boys when as little fellows they anticipated the coming of Santa Claus; yes, and far back on Time's calendar I recall how my childish heart bounded with ecstasy when a doll washstand with bowl and pitcher was found on the mantle just over the long stocking filled with "goodies," just as Santa Claus had left them. I felt abused, lonely, heartsick; like the old colored aunty, "I just nacherly wanted to triberlate." I tried to write a few lines, but the faces of dear ones somewhere across broad seas blurred my vision, and I felt twenty thousand miles from home instead of just twelve thousand miles away. Finally common sense came to my rescue and I fell asleep.

As on all Christmas mornings, I wakened much earlier than usual. Dawn was breaking. A peculiar chattering sound came from the outside.

"Away to the window I flew like a flash
Drew back the curtain and threw up the sash,
When what to wondering eyes should appear"—

but a five-foot stone fence filled on the top with monkeys whose tails were being pulled by the naked children who had wandered in from the street; in a nearby tree were hundreds of small parrots; strutting in the yard were peacocks with outspread tails of gorgeous hues; and under the trees deer and fawns. Again loved voices so far away all but sounded in my ears, and I felt the warm hand clasp that reached out to me over vast distances. The simple faith which is in the heart of a child came to me and I felt as never before the presence of the Christ child. From the next room came "Christmas gift! Christmas gift!" and the night's gloom vanished before the sun.

Our faithful "boy," Asrut, tapped at the door and bore in hand a Benares box, a Delhi box and a few flowers. The young Englishman had sent the beautiful brass, my chum the exquisite inlaid box which I had so much admired, and the flower tribute was a donation from our Mohammedan bought in the market place that morning. When we went to breakfast at each plate was a card with "A Happy Christmas" placed there by the proprietor of the "Ahmedabad." After all, hearts of love and sympathy beat to the same music the world over.

This was a chilly day. However, we drove over the old city, visited the silversmiths, saw India in her native undress, since royalty did not stop here, and when night came we sat on the porch, some silent, some busied with reminiscences, but all went back on the "road to yesterday," clasped hands with the spirit of our own youth, and looked up at the stars that shone above, the manger where the mother and Babe lay.

The city with its old wall pierced by twelve gates and its 150,000 people; filtered water from wells sunk in the bed of the river, of which we drunk quarts, fearing we could not get more of the kind for many days; the feeding places for birds, like our pigeon houses, and the close-by "Asylum for Animals," where about 800 are lodged, a feeding place for insects—these are the main features of Ahmedabad. They tell without words that the people are Jains in religious faith, which, too, accounted for the forest of monkies and parrots in the hotel garden. They come there to be fed with the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. In the jewelers' windows we saw for the first time the "archaic" or chopped form of silver and gold made into necklaces, bracelets and ear rings. The gold figured silks, gold and silver tissues, gold and silver lace and embroidery thread and tinsel ornaments were remarkably beautiful and novel. The carpet factory is where I most wanted to go, but after seeing rows of pale-faced children under twelve years

of age bending their frail bodies over the frames plying needles in and out concluded American rugs made by machinery after all are good enough for me.

BOMBAY

The Island of Bombay is of a group of twelve islands separated by narrow channels from the mainland. About fifty thousand of its two hundred thousand people are English. The Apollo Bundar, where the vessels land, is the modern European quarter with its public buildings, a blend of the Gothic and Indian schools of architecture. A four-mile drive along the seaside to Malabar Point is very delightful. About a hundred feet above on a cliff lives the English governor of the island and his staff. Many handsome English homes are here, and Parell House, which is used for parties in the winter.

The sun in India has a curious effect on people. Natives wrap the head in a heavy fold of cloth to soften the sun's rays and the whites all wear the cork topi to prevent sunstroke. The sun intoxicates some, while the direct rays of the sun on an uncovered head for three minutes had been known to dethrone the reason of white men. Sunstroke and fever are frequent. The natives thrive in the heat if only the head is covered; they lie in the strong sunlight, some naked, others in heavy wraps.

The Parsees of Bombay, 4,000, are a wealthy, high caste class of Indians, recognized by the pope-shaped hat which they seem never to take off; their wives are seen with them in carriages, and often on the streets.

They have a peculiar way of disposing of their dead in the "Tower of Silence." The principal tower is located on the highest point of Malabar Hill. In order to visit this tower permission was obtained from the Secretary of the Parsee, Panchayat. Within the gateway of an outer enclosure a flight of eighty steps brings one to a gateway in a wall. On entering one

faces a stone building where, during funerals, prayers are offered by a priest who keeps the fire burning continually at the altar dedicated to the elements. They have such a veneration for the elements that they do not wish to defile them with dead bodies, so have erected stone towers, cylindrical in shape and about thirty feet high. The largest tower is 276 feet around and cost \$150,000.

In the center of the tower is a well five feet in diameter. Beside the circular wall which surrounds this well there are two other circular walls with foot paths on them. The spaces between the walls are divided into compartments. The bodies of all adult males are placed in the outer compartments, the women in the middle compartments and the children in that nearest the wall. The bier is carried up the steps by four Carriers of the Dead with two bearded men following closely, then the Parsees in white robes are linked together at the hem of their garment, which has a mystic meaning. The bearded men, only, enter the tower with the corpse. They wear gloves and use tongs to remove the bones from the grooves and cast them into the well. On leaving the tower they proceed at once to the place of purification, where they bathe and leave their burial clothes in a tower built for the purpose. They are not allowed to mingle with the world and no one wants to speak to them.

In one half hour the naked body is devoured by the vultures that inhabit the trees and sit upon the outer wall. About the towers is a beautiful garden wherein the mourners sit while the body is being devoured. The House of Prayer, where the body is taken for religious rites before its final disposition, is as restful as our houses of worship. The bones in the tank crumble into dust, the rains carry off the dust through drains made for that purpose, so that every particle of the dead body is absorbed, whether by the vultures or by filtration into the earth.

Around the well are perforations which allow

rain water to fall into deep drains at the bottom of the tower and the fluids pass through charcoal before it passes into the sea. The dust in the well accumulates so slowly that in forty years it rose only five feet. Thus they say rich and poor meet in death. They believe in the resurrection and reassembling of the atoms here dispersed in a glorified body. The fire in the House of Prayer is made of sandal wood. They believe fire is too sacred to be used for burning the dead and earth and water are equally respected, so in order not to pollute these elements they invented this singular method.

While we were out for the gruesome, we decided to stop at the "Burning Ghat," or cremation grounds, of the Hindus. A small body lay on the ground covered with red silk, and beneath a shed a half dozen men sat clothed in white loose garments whom the guide said were the father and friends of the child. Now came men with wood on their shoulders which they placed on iron bars which stood a foot above ground. The red cloth was then removed from the child, the body lifted by two men and placed on the pile of wood.

A priest in white garment read a few words, placed wood on top of the body, when the father walked slowly from the shed to the pyre. After a few more words from the priest the father walked to a fire of faggots, took a torch therefrom, with it walked three times around the pyre, knelt, applied the torch to the wood and, with a heartrending wail, returned to his seat. It was more sympathetic strain and horror than we could longer endure, so we made for the gate, where we met the body of a man borne on the shoulders of four men who with every step said in union Brahma! Brahma! Brahma!

In no pleasant frame of mind we returned to the hotel to make ready for our sail tomorrow on the Bay of Bombay and the Sea of Arabia, landing at Colombo for the New Year.

Island of Ceylon

HERE the Portuguese landed in 1505 and endeavored to establish themselves at Kandy, but were in constant war with the natives. In 1602 the Dutch came and soon were on good terms with the natives, and after thirty years united with them against the Portuguese. After expelling them the natives and the Dutch erected the fort at Colombo. In 1796 the English routed the Dutch, after which Ceylon became a crown colony.

It is impossible to exaggerate the natural beauty of Ceylon, for as far as the eye can reach the oval of the island is a mass of vivid green bordered with sands of gold. The ragged foliage of the cocoanut palm towers above the other verdure, as Mark Twain says, "like a feather duster that has been struck by lightning." The interior is one vast green garden disposed into plain and highland, valley and peak, where almost everything grows known to the tropical world.

Like India, Ceylon's population of 175,000 offers a variety of races, color and costumes. Besides the native Cingalese are Arabs, Tamils, Parsees, Kaffirs, Afghans and other races. The variety of costumes worn by each race in accordance with caste or social position, from the simple loin cloth of the coolies to the gorgeous attire of the wealthy and high caste gentlemen, the different complexions and modes of hair-dressing, the avocats carried on in the open street are all interesting to the visitor even though he has viewed life in various parts of the Orient.

The Cingalese man of burnt sienna complexion wears his long hair twisted in a coil at the back of his head and he wears on the top of his head a horseshoe-shaped tortoise shell comb. It is said that it is the great ambition of a man of humble position to possess and wear a comb of finer luster than his neighbor.

The Cingalese women do not wear combs, but instead thrust a silver or gold jeweled pin through the

coil of black hair. The style of the dress of the women differs from any we have hitherto seen. They wear above the sarong that confines the lower limbs a white, close-fitting "basque" outlining the unstayed figure. The basque is cut low over the bust and the neck is outlined with the native hand-made lace; the sleeves are short and of the flowing variety. The Cingalese, like the Indians, wear a lot of jewelry, particularly about the neck and ankles. The island yields an abundance of sapphires, rubies, cats' eyes, moonstones, amethysts and garnets. These precious stones give employment to the many natives who cut and polish them.

Basket weaving is carried on chiefly by native girls. The baskets are made of the fronds of the basket tree palm. Thin fibres are stripped from the fronds and are dyed with vegetable dyes, brilliant orange, red and black; they are then woven into various shaped baskets and are very attractive.

Apropos of the hot and humid weather, I read a story of an American visiting in Ceylon who complained bitterly of the heat. In the presence of an English woman one day he said, disgustedly, "Colombo is as hot as Hades." Quick as a flash the woman said to the group around her: "My, how these Americans travel!"

Colombo, the principal city of the Island of Ceylon, we sighted from our French steamer, *Nera*, just after sunset, when the myriad lights of the port showed out like a galaxy of stars, low lying on the water's edge. We had heard much of the "Galle Face Hotel," which we found full to overflowing, and did not wonder at it, since the ocean breeze was necessary to comfort. In less than six degrees from the equator and under the rays of the sun, the air is hot and humid. On account of the intense heat the houses are constructed with overhanging eaves to exclude the sun's rays. At our hotel each room has a balcony screened with bamboo. There are no screens in the windows,

but the beds have heavy netting to exclude mosquitos. The saucy crows hop in at the open windows and pick up any bright object and fly off with it. One lady said the black thieves came in and stole her early morning toast from the tray at her bedside.

Colombo is a labyrinth of shady bowers. For miles one can drive under feathery bamboo, broad-leaved bread fruit palms, besides cocoanut groves and stretches of rice fields and sugar cane. The lowliest hut is embosomed in palm fronds and the bright crimson blossoms of the hibiscus. There is enough in the profusion of nutmegs, cinnamon and allspice, of the India rubber trees and the chichonas, of cannas, crotons and other wonders of the Cingalese flora to give an endless study to the lover of nature. In the botanical garden were huge camphor and pepper trees, mahogany and teak wood trees, orchids, vampires, bats and monkeys. At the museum, which is devoted exclusively to the exhibits of Ceylon products, antiquities and natural history can be seen insects that look exactly like bare tree branches; indeed, unless one stood long enough to see them move you would not believe them alive. Then, too, there were green insects that could scarcely be distinguished from the leaves on which they fed.

In the native quarter grow the areca trees, the nut of which is rolled and twisted into a leaf of the betel tree and is then sold to the native men, women and children who chew it from morning until night, much as do Americans chew tobacco. The areca nut is sliced very fine, a bit of lime made from sea shells or coral is added, and the whole wrapped in the succulent betel, which colors the lips and mouth a vivid red, and hopelessly blackens the teeth; but the concoction is said to have a soothing effect.

On our way to Kandy, on the mountainside about seventy-five miles from the sea, we passed the tea gardens, where the plucking is done chiefly by girls and women as in India. Many splendid tea estates in the

foothills are owned by Europeans. If left to nature the tea plants will grow to the height of twenty feet, and at least that in circumference, but by frequent pruning the successful planter keeps it at about three feet. The new shoots produce the valuable leaves, and the best paid pluckers are those who never mix the old and new leaves. The women and girls, with baskets on their shoulders suspended from the head by ropes, pull and deposit the first three leaves of the new shoots in the basket, which holds about fourteen pounds when full. These leaves are dried on trays where they partly ferment; they are then rolled while warm by a large rotary roller, and again dried by artificial heat and finally passed through a sieve containing holes of three sizes. The smallest leaves at the top of the shoot, the second and third are likewise separated. The small leaves form the finest and best tea.

After two years of plucking the plant is pruned and after a few weeks' rest it bursts forth in vigor and is soon ready to be gathered. Working from six in the morning till four in the afternoon the tea pluckers get but fourpence.

This is the tea of Ceylon, most of which is mixed with the tea of India and labeled "Lipton."

This is by no means all we saw or smelled on the four hours' ride up the mountain to Kandy. Oh, those spicy odors! I kept saying "sugar and spice and everything nice." We were told that the engines in Ceylon burn the wood of cinnamon and spice trees which accounted largely for the fragrance. We entered forests where grew the nutmegs and frangipani, clove and cinnamon trees; the aromatic scent was all-pervading. At last I have inhaled the "spicy breezes that waft o'er Ceylon Isle." As the train climbs the grade the cultivation increases in variety. There are rubber plantations, cocoanut groves and magnificent palms, where the primitive villagers in mud huts nestle beneath the branches of the giant rhododendron, which grows to a height of sixty feet. The starry white jasmine, the

sacred flower of the Buddhists, is everywhere in evidence, even in the most squalid environment.

The trees are festooned with creepers and parasites, and through the dense jungles we were told wild elephants roam. In the botanical garden at Kandy we saw huge leather-winged bats festooning the trees, owls in concourse, monkeys throwing cocoanuts, centipedes, huge snakes and an arbor of orchids two hundred feet long, all in a basin fashioned by the surrounding hills.

KANDY

Kandy is incomparably beautiful. There is an artificial lake in the center of the town bordered with tropical trees and flowers, while high on the mountain-side facing the lake is the pavilion of the last King of Kandy. Near the King's pavilion is the temple where the tooth of Buddha is kept. This Temple of the Tooth makes Kandy a mecca for the millions of Buddhists of the world. They believe that here is enshrined one of the eye-teeth of the great teacher rescued from his funeral pyre five hundred years before Christ was born. It is said the tooth was concealed in the hair of a princess. It is carefully preserved and zealously guarded, reposing on a lotus flower of pure gold hidden under seven bell-shaped shrines, each one tightly sealed.

Once a year a procession of the tooth is held and at that time thousands of Buddhists make a pilgrimage to Kandy. It is worshiped by four hundred and fifty million believers. A most wonderful relic, indeed! Once the Portuguese conquerors ground it to powder, burnt it and scattered the ashes into the sea; another time it was sold for many million rupees to the King of Burmacand yet, here it lies in all its enormous splendor, the tooth of a hippopotamus, perhaps, judging from its great size, but certainly not that of a man. The truth is this representation of a tooth is a piece of discolored ivory two inches long and one inch in diameter. The seven bell-shaped metal shrines under

which it reposes increase in riches as they diminish in size, and contain many jewels of value and beauty.

Fortunately we arrived just in time for the full moon festival. The poorest of the many poor were bringing, and had brought, strings of red and yellow blossoms—like our four o’clocks—to lay them on the altars. The steps as well as the floors were crowded with devout worshipers; very young children were lying or kneeling with folded hands, and some were lisping prayers. A low murmur of prayer could be heard outside the temple. It was a most impressive scene. Their attitude of humiliation and the deep earnestness of their beseeching eyes was convincing proof of their devotion to the maddest formalism and fetichism, which worships here a rib, there a shoulder bone, and in another place the footsteps of the great teacher, knowing no better use for the pure moral teachings of Buddha than to make a religion of them and a god of Buddha himself. I’ve read an account of the yearly celebration when the tooth, or the receptacle in which it is kept, was exposed and will quote it to you:

“The procession was enlivened by the presence of sixty gaily caparisoned elephants, on the back of one of which was the tooth. Many priests with shaven heads and gowned in brilliant orange robes walked in line, their devout followers holding jeweled umbrellas over them to protect the sacred heads from the sun’s rays. In line also were the chiefs, descendants of the old Kandian Kings. They are handsome men and in their beautiful court dress were impressive. They were attired in yards and yards of white silk embroidered in gold, wound about the hips and lower limbs, ending in neat little frills at the ankles. A jacket of brocaded silk of brightest hues was worn over a white shirt fastened with magnificent jeweled buttons. A jeweled belt and a gem-studded tri-cornered hat completed the costume.

“At intervals the parade would rest to allow the Nautch girls a chance to dance before the Duke and Duchess of Teck, who were interested observers of the festivities. The dancers were clothed mainly in beads and jewelry. The superabundance of jeweled bands

on arms and ankles, head, breast and waist in intricate patterns followed the lines of the lithe brown body, clothing it like the glistening skin of a serpent, the contortions making one think of the antics of a cobra swaying to the tune of the juggler's flute."

Buddha is credited with having left a footprint on Mt. Adam, a high mountain peak, but this footprint is claimed by others than Buddhists. The Hindus claim that it is that of Siva, one of their gods, while the Mohammedans say that it is the print of Adam's foot. They say when Adam was expelled from the Garden of Eden, he was sent to the island of Ceylon because it possessed the nearest approach to the beauties of the home from which he was exiled.

At Kandy is a sacred Bo tree, said to have been planted 250 years before Christ, and to be an offshoot of the original tree under which Buddha sat and meditated six years in the wilderness. It is carefully guarded, the caretakers, it is said, having never left it one moment since it was a seedling. We were allowed to pick up a few fallen leaves, but for no price would a native pluck a leaf from the sacred tree. We were made to understand we must not expose them to view, ostensibly to fortify us against any raised objection, but in reality it meant a generous tip to the caretaker.

From this elevation of 1,698 feet above sea level we descended through tunnels and farms of rice, sugar cane and coffee trees down to the river Kelani, over a bridge beside the cinnamon gardens and back to beautiful Colombo.

A few hours from Colombo, through the Gulf of Manor, one reaches the sandy beach at Marichchikadde, or "Pearl Town." Believing you will be interested to know how pearl fishing here is carried on, I'll repeat what was told me:

"At Marichchikadde there is a heavy, nauseating odor hanging in the air, rolling along in heavy surges and making its presence felt like something tangible; it is a terrible smell impossible to describe, and to be smelled nowhere else in the world—the essence of mil-

lions of rotting oysters, for that is the way the dazzling Orient pearl, the gem of the East, is obtained. Marichchikadde is a busy town of forty thousand inhabitants, a mushroom city to live through a strenuous six weeks of toil and money-getting, of hard labor and high gambling, and then to vanish and leave its debris to the jackals, the kite and the scorpion. It is peopled by the scum of the East, the wastrels of the Orient and the riff-raff of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, who would as readily knife a neighbor as whittle open a pearl oyster. And this heterogenous crowd, collected with the single aim of getting great wealth in a rush, are ruled with a ready but perfect justice by a mere handful of Englishmen, six civilians and a small posse of native police, who carry out the city's whole administration.

"There are the police court, the hospital and the cemetery. The sanitary arrangements are closely watched, since the crowd hails from cholera homes and the plague spots of Asia and an outbreak would be disastrous. The bank is there, the post and telegraph offices, the auctioneer's hammer and the outside market—everything essential for the greatest speculations. Everybody is a gambler yet serious crime is scarce, for they are too hard worked to fight. The pearl diver's life is a strenuous one. At 2 a. m. the camp gun fires, and before dawn the Arabs, in their long cloaks and headdresses of coiled camel hair, are down on the beach. Amid much shouting the fishing fleet of boats of all sizes and shapes puts off for the pearl banks. The sun rising over the land gives a golden glow to the sails, which, lying just off the beach, are in rich contrast to the turquoise sea. In a couple of hours the boats are over the bank appointed to be fished, which is marked out by buoyed flags. Each craft is crowded with men. The enormous lateen sail of the boat is lowered and stowed along the boom over which the divers' vari-shaped and colored garments hang in the sun; the center of the deck holds large baskets and sacks for the oysters. The diver's costume is of the scantiest, consisting chiefly of a bone nose-clip to keep the water out, and an open net for the oysters. He drops over the side of the boat, plants his feet on his sink stone, grasps the rope in his hands, takes a mighty breath of air, and shoots down, feet foremost, to the bottom through thirty feet of ab-

solutely clear blue water. Here he leaves his stone, maintains his handline in his hand, while his "manduk" on deck holds the other end; half crawling, half swimming, like a big black frog he gropes over the sea bottom, gathering in the oysters as he moves. Suddenly the line quivers, the "manduk" hauls in, and a dripping head, gasping frantically for air, shoots up from the depth. Eighty-five seconds since he went down those thirty feet, working hard the whole time for a fat haul of oysters. A slight pause for air, and down he goes again.

"Thus with short periods of rest the divers work all the morning until the noonday gun stops all fishing for the day. Then it is up anchor, and a wild race for home follows, each crew making every effort to cover the distance and beach their boats first. The return of the fleet is the signal for much excitement ashore. The divers hurry off to the government yards with their takes. Each diver divides his oysters into three equal portions, any two of which the government servants take, as the government property, the third being the divers' share. Canoes made of hollowed-out trunks, with no seats, are placed in light sheds and filled with thousands of oysters, are left to rot. A short time in this tropic heat suffices and the millions of blue-bottle fly maggots complete the work, till nothing is left but dry oyster shell, sand and pearl. These are carefully washed, the shells picked over, and the waste containing the gems is carefully winnowed by girls. The Ceylon pearl fishing is older than the hills, for in Solomon's time it was flourishing, and today the methods of obtaining the pearls are precisely the same."

Indian Ocean

THE Indian ocean is as much of an enigma as our American Indian—one is never quite sure of it, or of him. Before we fairly launched at Ceylon on the Indian ocean we were told this is the Arabian Gulf—howbeit the voyager traverses the Indian ocean, the Arabian Gulf, the Red sea and the Suez canal in an eleven days' voyage from Ceylon to Port Said, Egypt, where a train awaits to give one four hours' ride to Cairo. The China sea is sometimes called the Yellow sea because the waters of Northern China rush with great force down the full length of the Yang-Sti-Kiang and bring with them the yellow sand, but why the Red sea? I am told in the remote past the waters were infested with red insects, but today they are beautifully blue.

Our first stop is at Aden—tradition has it that Aden is the corruption of Eden and that here Adam and Eve spent their honeymoon, and as a result of their sin the flaming sword of the angel was here smitten by Satan with the fury of his wrath. Evidently his mission was well discharged. The high, barren rocks are devoid of even a sprig of grass. Here are the remains of a volcano, the destroying lava current having left desolation and ruin; nevertheless it has been a rock of contention between Arab, Egyptian, Turk, Persian, Abyssinian and Portuguese since the days of Ezekial until Great Britain brought peace to the people of Aden and hoisted her flag on the summit of the towering rock.

We approached this gateway to the Red sea after sunset, but in the glow of yellow and sapphire, and the soft hue of the mauve mountains, we saw approaching us from the shore flying ships with merchants with wares for sale to the uninitiated traveler. Some of the merchants were allowed to come aboard—those who could pay for the privilege and charge accordingly—but our eyes were fixed on the small boats

where the men fastened to long poles bundles of all sizes topped with bouquets of violets. These they reached out, and for a small sum one could have a grab for a dollar and less. Some drew ostrich feathers, others ostrich fans, shell jewelry and a few pieces of stale bread. Most of the merchants spoke French, and a few enough English for all necessary purposes. Why the stop of an hour? was the question which was thus answered by an officer of the vessel: "This is where we leave most of our profit." The English government fixes the duty at about one thousand dollars per ton. Our "Kleist" had a duty of \$15,000.

Have passed Mocho with her coffee trees. Have neared Djede, where the pilgrims of Mecca disembark. Those coming from Cairo bring annually the "holy carpet" to cover the tomb of Mohammed, the prophet. A public holiday marks the starting of the carpet on its way, and a similar celebration is held on the return of the pilgrims. The events are the most important festivals of the Mohammedan year and never fail to attract large crowds of visitors. The Khedive always honors the occasion with his presence and the ceremony is one of the most picturesque to be seen in Egypt. The ceremony takes place in front of the great stone citadel, in a square or plaza reserved for militia maneuvers. At 9:30 the great square is lined with native troops, while carriages containing veiled ladies of the harems and notables and officials are in their places.

The frowning walls of the citadel are lined with native devotees and the crowds were eager onlookers. A salute of guns from the citadel announced the starting of the pageant and in a short time a detachment of lances heralded the approach of the Khedive. Another salute proclaimed the entry of the carpet. The sacred carpet is carried on a camel under a mahmal, or tent, of embroidered silk. Mounted on the camel's back and preceded and surrounded by police, the massive palanquin, glittering with its bullion embroidery,

was borne to the center of the square, from whence it circled seven times around with all due solemnity, to the accompaniment of a curiously insistent, blatant melody, contributed by the massed bands of the native soldiery. Eventually it made its way to the pavilion, where sat the Khedive, who greeted it and viewed the troops who were to be responsible for its safety during the pilgrimage.

The ceremony lasted only a short time, but it would be difficult to realize a more picturesque sight than the passing of this procession with its glittering mahmal swaying to the steps of the camel bearer, with its attendant pilgrims piping their plaintive music and the following of Egyptian soldiery, as it slowly wound its way along the road deeply lined with spectators beneath those dark high walls of the citadel, from the top of which the minarets of the great mosque soared heavenward to the glorious arch of blue. The devout pilgrims who accompany the carpet come from India, China, Persia, Afghanistan, Egypt and Morocco—from remote corners of Asia and Africa. They endure toil and privation, risk life and property, that they may perform the service to God which to them the pilgrimage means.

Even after they have a prefix to their names they and their posterity are entitled to wear the white Mohammedan turban. The pilgrim paints his beard dust red with henna "to be seen and read of all men," and the fact is blazoned to the world on the lintels of his house.

But I've gotten the cart before the horse; we were not in Egypt, but on the Red sea. Yesterday we passed the Seven Apostles rocks, and today saw dimly the outlines of Mt. Sinai, where the tables of the law were written. Now spouting in the distance is a whale, probably a lineal descendant of the whale that swallowed Jonah, and soon we expect to see the offshoots of the bullrushes that concealed the cradle of the greatest law-giver the world has ever known, and

where with his followers the sea divided and they walked through on dry ground while Pharaoh's host was drowned.

At present we approach the Suez canal. A wireless message reads: "The Turks have destroyed two Italian torpedo boats in the Red sea; a Russian fleet was destroyed and 127 men killed." Naturally we became excited over the probability of seeing a battle at sea. Later we saw clouds of smoke and the dim outline of a ship which we fancied might be the war vessel. Aden, with its strange outline of chocolate brown, clear cut against the sky, its clamorous natives, whose small crafts swarmed about our boat, made a picture never to be forgotten; but four days later, when we came to Suez, Aden was outrivaled, for this entrance gate to the wonderful canal has a color scheme—faint and ethereal lines melting one into another at early dawn and by moonlight, but at midnight the scene is brilliant. Handsome natives in dresses of white or palest pastel tints were seen gracefully grouped on large sail boats, quaint and picturesque, floating about with a silent, restful ease. The combination a gem in subdued tones.

"A blue-green ribbon of water dropped in the desert between a marsh and a plain, stretched off for miles from the narrow sand dune's border" is not all that can be said of the beauty of the Suez canal. The white deserts of Arabia, rich in mirages, and the fertile plains of Egypt are thrown together in striking contrast. In the dim, gigantic hills there are amethyst shades from the far tints in the shadows to faintest lavender near the summit. The houses at the stations which mark every mile of this one day's slow journey are uniformly yellow with dull red roofs. Flocks of pink flamingoes and geese with brilliant hued plumage fly over the marshes, while gray gulls with wings tipped with crimson circle about the boat. Along the sandy banks caravans of camels with their Arab drivers pass slowly.

The caravans bringing figs and raisins to market are very characteristic. An Arab boy rides on a donkey at the head of the procession and the camels follow in single file bound together by a rope. A bell is hung about the neck of the last camel in the caravan so the Arab can tell whether or not his team is complete. There is an enormous traffic on the canal, and it is too narrow for steamers to pass each other both in motion, so one steamer must tie up to the bank while the other passes. A cute little Egyptian doctor in baggy trousers and a red fez, who spoke the Queen's English to a dot, unearthed the dark secrets of his past by asking, "Have you been vaccinated?" "What occupation?" "Any temperature?" and worst question of all, "How old are you?"

Egypt

IT was almost with reluctance that we "hove to" at Port Said. As in each new country visited, we first had an interview with the customs officials. As usual, he was an important, bespectacled, serious-looking individual who began his questions with, where from, where to? Have you a passport? Any spirituous liquors or cigars or cigarettes? The wonder is he did not say, please show your tongue.

We hurried on to see what we could of Port Said since we were fascinated with the glimpse from the boat of that quaintest of towns, and were scheduled to leave in a few hours for Cairo by train. Found a medley of colors, nationalities and buildings, an impression of trees and flowers, of handsome Egyptian-like living statues of polished bronze of dusky Arabs, French peasants and American tourists, of many storied houses left unfinished, of a hum of voices swelling into an almost deafening melody; of bright bazaars that stretch into the streets with things thrown higgledy-piggledy into the store room at the back. This is all that remains in my mind of this alluring port.

In four hours we were in Cairo, at the world-famed "Shepherd's Hotel," the rendezvous for those who pay for style rather than comfort; but we admire the Oriental attire of the servitors, and enjoy tea on the broad veranda where all happenings of interest to travelers pass by for a moneyed consideration from the enterprising Shepherds. On the streets one rubs shoulders with Bedouins from the desert, swarthy Soudanese from the south, disheveled Arabs, mysteriously veiled women, half naked whining beggars and the thousand and one strange natives of an Oriental city.

A tourist must always be accompanied with a dragoman in Egypt, who acts as interpreter, keeps beggars away and is most necessary on a tour to the bazaars which are so fascinating you, and your

money would soon be parted if he was not constantly saying, "Plenty more like this." The tiny stalls in the native business quarter are bright with oriental coloring and the trades people and native purchasers are resplendent in gaudy turbans and flashing jewels. The booths of the shoemakers with pretty red Turkish slippers; carpet bazaars where the rich products of Indian and Persian looms are displayed; antique stalls, ostrich feathers and ivory from the Soudan, and workshops of gold and silversmiths and the worker in brass, but above all the beautiful gold threaded shawls and embroidered silks, the camels' hair cloths, soft and silken, bewildering in its magnificent coloring and uniqueness. Cairo has been rightly called the Paris of the Orient. Necessarily she keeps abreast with advanced fashions since the city is crowded in the winter with tourists mostly French and English and at all seasons with a large sprinkling of Americans. The shopper in the native quarter finds the streets so narrow in places that no vehicle can traverse them, so she must descend from her carriage and thread her way through the devious paths, accompanied, of course, by a dragoman.

The most imposing building in Cairo is the citadel, the handsomest mosque in the world, situated on the brow of a hill above the bank of the Nile. Its dome is like St. Peter's at Rome, and it is carpeted with huge Turkish rugs. Hundreds of worshippers were on their knees at 12 m., this being a holiday.

The Khedive comes only three times a year—at Christmas, Easter and his birthday. In old Cairo at the Kasr-El-Ainy Mosque the Howling Dervishers hold exercises when the English arm of law is lax.

They sit in a circle, intoning in a strange, solemn sort of chant or undertone, the voices rising and falling. "Allah! Allah!" they repeat in concert, slowly at first, then, as they increase in rapidity, their voices rise. Finally the circle becomes frenzied, they give vent to shrieks and groans, all the while rocking to

and fro, the leader cheering them on by new intonations and gurgles that increases their madness. One sickens at the sight and rejoices to learn the government intends to abolish the practice.

Gladly we quit this horrible scene for the near-by Coptic church built fifteen hundred years ago in a cave, said to have sheltered Mary and Joseph and the babe when they fled from Herod. In this church is a baptismal font used for infants at this time.

As we entered Shephard's funeral processions were passing. First came a half dozen priests, chanting, the friends following after replying "Amen!" "Amen!" Then came the litter borne on the shoulders of six men, the bier covered with scarlet silk with a red fez hoisted on a stick at the head of the bier signifying wealth and prominence. Next came two wagons filled with women said to be the fifteen wives of the deceased. This morning religious services were held at the English cathedral over the remains of the Duke of Fife, who had died of pneumonia, and will be conveyed at once to England.

By train to Heliopolis is only one hour; here is the most elegantly furnished and beautifully designed hotel in the world, and also one of the largest. Heliopolis is the site of the ancient city of On mentioned in the Bible. The owners of this property are anxious to convert the hotel into a gambling house like the Casino at Monte Carlo, but the English will not allow it. This is where you see the styles, Parisienne at that, since Cairo attracts the idle rich of Europe during January and February. To reach Heliopolis from Cairo one passes through rural Egypt, which is today as it has been for countless generations.

One of the quaintest sights is a native wedding. The bride and bridegroom were screened from the public gaze by a canopy arrangement on the back of a camel. The erratic and alarming way in which it bobbed up and down, this way and that, must have greatly enhanced the pleasure of the happy couple in-

side. This camel was followed by the bridal party—all women—seated on a long train of camels, each camel supporting two women. The great clumsy animals were almost enveloped in immense rugs. On the top was a kind of soft bed on which the women squatted, giving vent every few moments to a prolonged shrill trill, which was intended for a festive song. Altogether the spectacle was exceedingly comical.

Of necessity the tourist learns two Arabic words; one is "backsheesh," which means money and is hurled at you hundreds of times a day by beggars; and the other is "imshi," which means "go away." The Arab is a born diplomat. He may rob you right and left and deceive you shamelessly with his "antikar," which if you refuse to buy he remains soft-voiced, pleasant, and agreeable. When greeting you he says, "God give you good day," "Fine morning to you," or "Allah grant you joy."

The Bedouins are the handsomest men we have seen; they are tall, straight and lithe, with broad shoulders and a proud, dignified carriage. Their eyes are the softest brown and fringed with thick, heavy lashes. The skin is olive and the cheeks are rosy. They have long, slender, aristocratic hands and they use them to advantage in gesturing. The long, dark-blue or black cloaks that drape them from head to foot and the white turban add to their picturesqueness. Only the faces of the coolie women of the lowest class can be seen; all the others wear veils. The fellah women, peasant types, wear black robes and a black scarf over the head and across the face a black, narrow veil is hung revealing only the eyes. The Mohammedan women of the upper class wear a thin white gauge veil across the lower part of the face, but their dress is black.

Although the Arab is gentle and sweet-voiced to travelers, he is not always so to his race. The donkey boys quarrel like dogs, and I have read of a laughable imprecation between two dragomen. Said one to the

other: "May all your relatives have the hair of a dog." In reply came: "May your mother-in-law have the face of a cat."

At dawn, at noon, at setting of the sun, and wedged in between, the cry of the Muezzin from some mosque tower calls the faithful Mohammedan to prayer, when millions of men turn their faces toward Mecca and make confession of their faith. The Mohammedan prostrates himself regardless of where he is and seems oblivious to the gaze of the passers-by. The upturned face was illumined—spiritualized like Jules Guerin's "Prayer in the Desert"—that wonderful Egyptian poem on canvas.

In visiting this many-sided city of the desert one's first thought is of the sphinx and pyramids.

They are seven miles from Cairo and along the entire length of the way are superb and lofty lebbeck trees. The desert can be reached by train, carriage or automobile. At the end of the tram car line some took sand cars, some camels, for the ascent of two miles to Cheops. That vast silent sea of sand—the desert and the stillness, the solitude and the immensity inspire a feeling of awe. There is a dignity, a nobility about the pyramids and sphinx that one can not analyze. The severe, simple, almost forbidding lines of the sphinx bring a feeling of reverence and the brooding silence which clothes it round about makes one feel lonely even when in a crowd. The monuments in the declining sun, the shadows in the recesses where all shades of violet from pink lilac to royal purple blend in harmonious beauty—again when the moon was at its full the mystery thickened and one wondered more than ever over the early labors of the Pharaohs and longed to know what manner of man he was.

The ride back to the city after sunset, when the bullocks were wading in the canal after a day of labor with the primitive wooden plow; camels weighted with merchandize or sugar cane fodder ploughing their weary way beside the Arab in flowing robes of blue or

black; boys and girls tending and following sheep; mud huts before which the family sat in the sand taking their evening drink of "leben," a beverage of coagulated sour milk, with probably a cake of grain cooked in the sun—all this silhouetted against a glowing sky are some of the many pictures to enjoy throughout the years.

Egyptian village life is quaint and interesting. The houses are crude structures of sun-baked mud with possibly a couple of tiny square holes cut in the wall for ventilation.

Each house consists of a single room, absolutely devoid of furniture, one or two drinking jars and cooking utensils being usually the only articles to be seen. The roofs of these hovels are thatched with corn stalks, and for some unaccountable reason all the household rubbish is dumped on the roof. For this purpose a ladder may frequently be seen reclining against the side of the house. These primitive erections are inhabited solely by the fellaheen, as Egyptian peasants are called. From early morning till sundown the men are out working in the fields, while the women folk are squatting outside in the sun at the threshold of their homes, to which the pigs and chickens gave access. At night the family sleeps on the hard earth floor of the wretched dwelling except during the summer, when we were told they adjourned to the roof, sleeping peacefully amid the accumulation of rotting rubbish which is thrown there from time to time. In some of the Arab villages huge cuplike structures, made of mud, are built out in the open, away from the houses, and into these the babies are placed during the day, and often the entire family sleeps in them at night. The idea is to escape the numerous snakes and scorpions which abound during the great heat of the summer.

The great cemetery at Tarkhan, which occupies a mile of desert forty miles south of Cairo and which dates from the earliest historic age until the race of

pyramid builders has proved to be exceedingly prolific in antiques. At the British School of Archaeology can be seen the woodwork and clothing unearthed from this place of interment. A great sheet of linen which is placed on exhibition is as fresh and as firm as when cut from the original length—some six thousand years ago. Here are boxes that served their purpose as funeral caskets, built of planks of acacia and shittim wood, and as firm and secure as when lowered into the bosom of the earth in dim antiquity. Long rolls of soft linen cloth, also six thousand years old, are as tough and pliable as any modern texture straight from the loom. The graves of the early Egyptians were always well provided with such necessities as were thought essential for the spirit of the departed when it again materialized. Consequently the relics from Tarkhan include head rests, some of them carved out of trees trained specially into peculiar shapes, sandals and large jars of food. Some of the vases bear the name of Mena, the earliest known Egyptian king. They are considered to be a tribute corresponding to the modern floral wreath.

On the road to the oldest pyramid at Sakkareh on the water-logged plains of Memphis we saw a sphinx carved from a single block of alabaster weighing ninety tons, but recently unearthed. For hundreds of years it has lain in a recumbent position buried beneath the sands. This newly found sphinx was betrayed in its hiding place by its tail, which Mr. Mackay, one of the students of the British school in Egypt, discovered about a year ago. When the water on the plain subsided last year the complete figure was excavated and found to measure fourteen feet in height and twenty-six feet in length. Alabaster being foreign to the neighborhood, the new sphinx ranks as the largest that has ever been transported. The figure bears no inscription, but is considered by Dr. Petrie, the director of the British school in Egypt, to have been carved about 1300 B. C.

To see the really oriental part of Egypt, one must leave Cairo and its mixture of modern and ancient things and penetrate into the fastnesses of the desert along the valley of the Nile.

FIVE HUNDRED MILES UP THE NILE

We are invalids in search of health basking in the sunparlor of this excursion boat—artists in search of subjects; sportsmen keen upon crocodile; statesmen out for a holiday; special correspondents alert for gossip; collectors on the scent of papyri and mummies; men of science, the usual idlers who travel for the mere love of travel. Nine-tenths are English or American, the rest mostly German, with a sprinkling of Belgian and French.

At last all is ready, the mooring ropes are loosened, the sailors pole the boat off from the bank—and away we go. The boat cleaves her way swiftly and steadily. Waterside palaces and gardens glide by, and are left behind. The domes and minarets of Cairo drop quickly out of sight, the mosque and the citadel all diminish in the distance; but the pyramids stand up sharp and clear against a sky bounded on right and left by long ranges of yellow limestone mountains, in the folds of which sleep tender shadows of pale violet and blue.

Long belts of palm groves, tracts of young corn only an inch or two above the surface, and clusters of mud huts relieved now and then by a little white-washed cupola, or a stumpy minaret, succeed each other on both sides of the river.

Thus the miles glide away and we approach Turra. Here lies moored a whole fleet of cargo boats laden and landing; and along the tramway that extends from the river side to the stone quarries are long trains of mule carts coming and going.

All the new buildings in Cairo, the Khedive's palaces, the public offices and smart villas, are built of

this stone, which, from this distance, looks more like salt than stone.

As the shadows lengthen from stately date palms on the western bank, and "all the air a solemn stillness holds," we moor for the night at Bedreshayn, which is the nearest point for visiting Sakkarah early in the morning. Such was our first afternoon on the Nile.

We were roused early by the chattering of boys and men with two score or more of little, depressed-looking donkeys assembled on the high bank above. Their brown arms and legs in frantic movement, they looked like a troop of mad monkeys let loose. It was as if some new Cadmus had been sowing boys and donkeys broadcast and they had all come up at once for our benefit.

Now our way lies over a dusty flat across the railway line past the long, straggling village of Bedreshayn—through the famous plantations known as the Palms of Memphis.

There is a crowd of patient looking fellaheen—natives—at Bedreshayn, a collection of mud hovels, square pigeon towers—the dogs dash out and bark madly, the little brown children pursue us with the usual "backsheesh." The potter laying out rows of soft, grey, freshly-moulded clay bowls to bake in the sun, stares at us; his young wife snatches up her baby and pulls her veil more closely over her face, fearing the evil eye. The village being left behind, we ride on through one long palm grove after another—then high on a barren plateau, seen for the first time in one unbroken line, there stands a solemn company of pyramids; those of Sakkarah straight before us, those of Dahehive to the left, those of Abusir to the right, and the great pyramids of Ghizeh away in the remotest distance.

Then again the coloring! The Libyan rocks, like rusty gold, the paler line of the driven sand slopes—the opalescent shadows, pale blue and violet and green—

ish-grey, that nestle in the hollows of the rock and the curves of the sand drifts! All this is beautiful; in a way, impossible to describe.

And now, as we follow the zigzags of the road, the pyramids grow larger, the sun mounts higher, the heat increases, which increases our comfort, since it is a cold day. We meet a train of camels, buffaloes, shaggy brown sheep, men, women and children of all ages. The camels are laden with bedding, rugs and mats, besides women with children and one very old man—so there are rolling stones away out here as well as everywhere.

The younger men drive the tired beasts; the dust rises after them in a cloud. Thus, with flocks and herds of all his clan, went Abraham into the land of Canaan close upon four thousand years ago; and one at least of these Sakkarah pyramids was even then the oldest building in the world.

Our style of dress, however convenient, is out of harmony with the surrounding scenery, and one can not but feel as these draped and dusty pilgrims pass us on the road that we cut a sorry figure with our topee hats, green veils and tight skirts. It is a long and shelterless ride from the palms to the desert, but we come to the end at last, mounting such another sand slope as that which leads up from the Ghizeh to the foot of the great pyramid.

Now, having dismounted through compassion for my unfortunate little donkey, who had single-footed most of the eight miles, the first thing I observed was the curious mixture of debris underfoot. The ground is strewn with scraps of broken pottery, limestone, marble and alabaster; bleached bones, shreds of yellow linen and lumps of some dark-brown substance like dried-up sponge. Presently some one picks up a little noseless head. Immediately we fall to work grubbing for treasure—a pure waste of time. And then with a shock we discover that these scattered bones are human, and we are told by our dragoman—

guide—that the brown lumps are rent fragments of what was once living flesh! For the first time we realize that every inch of this ground, all the hillocks, hollows and pits in the sand are violated graves!

The size of the Sakkarah group of pyramids took me by surprise. The pyramid of Onenephes, the fourth King of the First Dynasty, is the most ancient building in the world. It had been standing from five to seven hundred years when King Khufu began his great pyramid at Ghizeh. It was over two thousand years old when Abraham was born, and now about six thousand eight hundred years old—according to the count of the Frenchman, Mariette. The door of this pyramid is now in the museum at Berlin. We would have liked to go inside, but this was impossible, as the entrance was blocked by a recent fall of masonry.

We rode on as far as the house built in 1850 for Mariette's accommodation during the excavation of Serapeung—the famous and long lost sepulchral temple of the sacred bulls. These bulls (honored by the Egyptians as successive incarnation of the god Osiris) inhabited the temple of Apis at Memphis while they lived; and being mummies after death were buried in catacombs prepared for them in the desert.

After a short but toilsome walk in the deep sand, and some delay outside a prison-like door, we were admitted by the guardian—a gaunt old Arab with a lantern in his hand. A hot atmosphere met us on the threshold; the door fell to with a dull clang; the echoes went wandering into the central recesses of the earth. A lighted candle was then given to each person and the Arab led the way while our dragoman brought up the rear.

A few hurried steps brought us to the tombs, a succession of great vaulted chambers, hewn out at irregular distances and sunk six or eight feet below the surface. On the middle of each chamber stood an enormous sarcophagus of polished granite. Three only are inscribed, none measure less than 14 to 15 feet

in length, and all are empty. They are said to have been pillaged by the early Christians, who, besides carrying off everything they could find of gold and jewels, seem to have destroyed the mummies of the bulls and razed the great temple to the ground. Fortunately they either overlooked, or left as worthless, some hundreds of exquisite bronzes.

From this across a farther space of sand we went in all the blaze of noon to the tomb of Ti, a priest of the Fifth Dynasty, who married the granddaughter of a Pharaoh, and built himself a magnificent tomb in this desert.

Here as in an open book is the biography of Ti, his whole life, his pleasures, his business, his domestic relations row above row about a foot and a half in depth. These sculptured pictures of exquisite execution illuminate the walls. From them we see Ti was a wealthy man and lived like a king. He makes an imposing figure, being represented about eight times as large as his servants; he sits and stands a giant among pigmies.

The great man remained a big man to the last days of the Ptolemies and the fellah—or servant—was always a dwarf. His wife, being of royal blood, is as large as he; their children about half as large as they. He owned flocks and herds, birds and beasts, geese, ducks, pigeons, cranes, oxen, goats, asses and antelopes; was fond of fishing and hunting. We see him sitting with his wife and children while professional singers and dancers perform before them.

The geese are being driven home, the cows are crossing a ford, the oxen are plowing with the same style of plow, and in the same manner as today, the sower is scattering his seed, the reaper plies his sickle and the corn is stored in the grainary—I should say Ti was a farmer. Here the carpenters are fashioning household furniture, the potters mold pots for burying with the mummy in his tomb, since they are ever the links in the story of burial and it is his "Ka" or ghostly

double that takes part in these various scenes and not the lively man. Nothing can be more natural than the drawing or more spirited than the action of all these men and animals. The tints are yet quite brilliant in parts of the larger chamber. Twenty statues of Ti were here immured in his tomb, all broken but one, which is now in the museum at Bonlak. I seem to know him well after seeing the wonderful pictures in his tomb. Now imagine, if you can, the almost seven thousand years that have passed since this tomb was built!

Now the donkeys are brought round and we are told it is time to move on, for we have the site of Memphis and the famous prostrate Colossus to see and a long road to the ship lies before us. So back we ride across the desolate sands, saying to ourselves that we have seen the oldest building on the face of the whole earth—the Sakkarah pyramid.

The King who erected it came to the throne eighty years after Mena, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy. All we know of him is his name—King Onenephes—all we have of him is his pyramid. Thinking over these things, by the way, we agree that it is well to have left Memphis till the last. We know now how poor folk labored and how great gentlemen amused themselves in those early days when there were hundreds of country gentlemen like Ti with town houses at Memphis and villas by the Nile.

We are once more in the midst of the palm woods; then across a grassy flat where beneath a lebbeck tree lies a block of limestone, the prostrate Rameses the Great, which belongs to the British nation.

It is one of two which stood at the entrance of the great Temple of Ptah. Where, however, is the companion, Colossus? Where is the temple itself? Where, in short, is Memphis? The dragoman points to the barren mounds among the palms. Some few traces of brick foundations and an occasional block or two of shaped stone, but no sign of a boundary wall of the

position of a public building. This is all that remains of Memphis—eldest of cities—a few huge rubbish heaps, a broken statue or two, and a name!

No capital kept its place in history so long. Founded four thousand years before our era, it survived the rule of the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman—after the Arab invasion it became the quarry from which old Cairo was built. Memphis is a place to read about and think about and remember, but it is a disappointing place to see; but to miss it would be to miss the first link in the chain of monumental history which unites the Egypt of antiquity with the world of today.

Now, hungry, thirsty, dusty, worn out with new impressions, new ideas, we are once more in our boat and to rest for the night.

Already our last night's mooring place is out of sight. The pyramid of Onenephes stands up among its lesser brethren on the edge of the desert, as if bidding us goodbye. We sit on deck writing letters, reading, watching the sunny riverside pictures that glide by at a foot's pace and are so long in sight. A boy plods along the bank leading a camel. Palm groves, sand banks and fields of grain succeed each other. A native boat meets us, floating down sidewise with the current. A girl comes to the water's edge with a great empty jar on her head and waits to fill it till we go by.

Then some one cries out "The Pyramids of Dashur!" A dilapidated brick pyramid and a black rock thrusting themselves through a limestone bed of the desert—that's all.

Towards sunset we see a strange object, like a giant obelisk broken off half way, standing up on the western bank against an orange-gold sky; this is the pyramid of Meydum. It looks quite near the bank, but this is the effect, I'm told by an artist, of powerful light and shadow, for it lies back at least four miles from the river.

That night we move about a mile from Beni-Suef and learn with some surprise that the governor of the town has sent guards, since the place has not a first-class reputation for honesty. The guards come and are posted on the bank—so the day passes.

About midnight when I was sleeping a lantern light flashed in my face from the one window in my room on the promenade deck. Momentarily I jumped up and inquired the reason, and was calmly informed by the watchman that he was trying to locate screams for help which he thought came from my end of the boat. Instead two women in a room beneath mine had seen a man in white flowing robes beside their bed. When they screamed he quietly glided out of the door and jumped into the river. Of course, we believe it was a native of the village intent on robbery. The guards, of course, slept sweetly through it all. Honest fellows! They were paid a shilling a night to do it, and they had nothing on their minds.

At length on the morning of the third day we appeared at Beni Hassan with a village at its feet where dens of thieves have been for many generations, and though razed to the ground some years ago by way of punishment, is now rebuilt, and in as bad odor as ever.

It is necessary, therefore, in all parts of the river not only to hire guards at night, but to keep a sharp lookout for thieves when we are anchored during the day. Am told it is very different in upper Egypt. The natives, though clever enough at manufacturing and selling modern antiquities, are not otherwise dishonest. The ride of two hours on donkeys to Beni Hassan in the early morning was very pleasant, but the ruins of the temples and tombs were of little interest, so when we returned to our ship at 10 a. m. we settled ourselves for thought and rest.

We pass an island or sand bank covered with snow-white paddle birds which rise at our approach. Next comes Bibbeh, perched high along the edge of the

precipitous bank, its odd looking Coptic convents—you know the native Christians here are called Copts—roofed all over with little mud domes.

By and by we pass a little deserted sugar factory with a huge gaunt, blackened chimney worthy of Birmingham or Sheffield.

Just as we round a sandbar Minieh, hid away among the palms, came in view. Here we met many of the native house boats—"dahabeyah"—with towering, outspread sails, looking for all the world like large white-winged birds gliding along. A few had the high prow like Cleopatra's barge. Wish I could describe the peaceful calm that settled over us.

By and by comes the sunset. The sun dips instantly. The whole range of cliffs turns to pure violet, the face of the rock becomes a ruddy gold, and the palms on the western bank stand up in solid bronze against a crimson horizon, while the sky above and in the East is suddenly suffused with pink. When this has lasted about eight minutes a vast arch of deep blue shade creeps slowly up the Eastern horizon and remains distinctly visible as long as the pink flush against which it is defined lingers in the sky. Finally the flush fades out, the blue becomes uniform and in a few minutes comes the after glow, when the sky is filled with a magical light. This evening, just as the twilight came on, the new moon appeared in her first quarter, a perfect orb, distinct and outlined with a spread of light no larger than a hair. Nothing could be more brilliant than this tiny rim of flashing silver—nowhere can this be duplicated. The dry atmosphere of Egypt is the reason, so they explain.

Next morning we find ourselves moored at Minieh, close under the Khedives summer palace, so close that one could have tossed a pebble against the lattice windows of his highness' harem. We had to content ourselves with a passing view of Minieh, with its domes and minarets, since there were no ruins to show us; besides we were due in Assiout. On the way Rhoda,

in her picturesque beauty, came in for her share of admiration, but it is of Assiout I want to tell you, the capital of middle Egypt with the best bazaars of any town up the Nile—unless it be Luxor. Its red and black pottery is famous throughout the country. Beside the street of pottery there is a street of red shoes. The thoroughfares are dusty, narrow, unpaved and crowded. The people are one-eyed, dirty and unfragrant. The children's eyes are full of flies and their heads are covered with sores. So our mirage turns to sordid reality and Assiout, which from afar off looked like the capital of dreamland, resolves itself into a big mud town as ugly and ordinary as its fellows.

Donkeys and carriages took us to the edge of the desert; from there by foot up the mountain to the sepulchres.

The first tomb was called Stabl Antar. Traces of seated figures, male and female, with lotus blossoms in their hands, are dimly visible—just enough to attest the antique stateliness of the tomb.

Here we learn this town in the ancient Egyptian was written Scout and became Lycopolis under the Greeks and remained so throughout the Roman rule in Egypt.

Each nome, or province, of ancient Egypt had its sacred animal. Assiout was called the Copolis by the Greeks because the wolf (now almost extinct in the land)—was there held in the same kind of reverence as the cat at Bubastis, the crocodile at Ombos, and the lion at Leontopolis.

We entered what was called Wolf's Den, which would not have repaid for the climb if the mountain view was not so exceptional, said to be the finest hillside view in Egypt. Seen from the doorway of the second grotto it looks like a framed picture. In the distance a wide plain of tender green grain; farther away the cupolas and minarets of Assiout rising from a belt of palm groves; beyond these the Nile gliding on; along the horizon the everlasting boundary of the

desert. A group of brown men are wading yonder with their nets; a funeral comes along the sun-banked road, the bier carried at a rapid pace on men's shoulders, and covered with a red shawl; the women taking up handfuls of dust and scattering it upon their heads as they walk. We can see the dust flying and hear their shrill wail. The cemetery to which they are going lies at the foot of that mountain.

The tombs here are said to have been appropriated by early Christian anchorites, and to these recluses perhaps may be ascribed the legend that makes them the abode of Joseph and Mary during the years of their sojourn in Egypt. This, of course, is wholly improbable; still one would like to believe a story that laid the scene of our Lord's childhood in the midst of this beautiful scenery.

Back to our ship for lunch, all hungry and sleepy. Our boat moves on for many miles; we see the same things over and over again. The water wheel slowly revolves with its necklace of pots, the file of laden camels, the desert, all sand hills and sand plains, with its background of mountains, another glorious sunset and we again anchor for the night beside high cliffs to ward off a strong wind from the north which chills us to the bone. However, the sitting room is very comfortable with its grate of coal, where we sit and chat till 10 o'clock, our bedtime.

We've been going in and out the river banks since early morning eager to reach Abydus by noon. We've been to, and returned from, Abydus, which means literally "The Buried;" went for three hours on donkeys through a part of the village built in a rustic arabesque, arched gateways ornamented with black, white and red bricks, windows and turned lattice work. In the edge of the desert lies the cut corn in piles of sheaves; here the camels are lying down to be laden. A camel load is fourteen sheaves, seven to each side of the hump. As the sheaves are bound up, the camels carry them homeward while the driver walks beside him.

Now the sugar cane crop is being gathered, so the camels are going toward the sugar factory. We are glad, since they help to entertain us, even though their big, clumsy feet combined make a mighty dust. We, like they, plod on and are rewarded by seeing the great temples of Abydos, one built by Seti I and the other by his son, Rameses II. The temple of Seti for sculptured decorations surpasses by far any ruin we have hitherto seen. All the piers, columns, halls and passages and the seven sanctuaries are most delicately sculptured and in places brilliantly colored.

All the Egyptian gods seem to have been worshipped here and to have had each his separate shrine. The walls are covered with paintings of these shrines and their occupants; while before each the King is represented performing some act of adoration. A huge blue flag, a grey hound, a double-headed goose and many more are thus depicted. The loyal offerings are incense and necklaces.

In one place the Osiris presents to Isis, his wife, a globe on which are two asps surmounted by ostrich feathers. Here is the "Tablet Hall" with the names of seventy-six Pharaohs beginning with Mena, the first King, and coming down the line to Seti himself. Many of these were princes or sovereigns who had acquired a special title to veneration. Here our dragoman exploited his knowledge of French, German and English necessary for all the party to understand the temple. As he stood there I wished for his photograph to show you. He is a Copt, a descendant of the true Egyptian stock, one of those whose remote ancestors exchanged the worship of the old gods for Christianity some fifteen hundred years ago, and whose blood is supposed to be purer of Mohammedan intermixture than any in Egypt. He is a fine, shapely man, aged about forty, with splendid eyes and teeth, a well-formed head, a skin the color of copper, and a face expressive of intelligence and deep thought. We think him a wonder, physically and mentally. Now he motions us to the exit, saying, "The donkeys are again ready."

Slowly but surely we trotted the patient, sure-footed little beasts back to the boat, when on our coming aboard the gong sounded for the usual 4 o'clock tea. We sat over the tea cups till it was time for sunset, but for the first time a gathering canopy of cloud shut out the glory. Disappointed, we grouped in the library and discussed the beauty and wonder of the temple of Abydos, considering the day well spent.

We anchored at 9 p. m. beside Farshut, where early this morning we saw smoke pouring from the large, tall chimneys of the sugar works, cargo boats unloading fresh sugar cane against the bank, heavily burdened Arabs transporting it to the factory. Hundreds of camels are arriving laden with it, or going back for more. The men shout; the overseers in blue-fringed robes and white turbans stalk to and fro and keep the work going.

Everybody and thing is busy in Egypt, save the blind and little children who are allowed to cry "back-sheesh" until we nearly go crazy.

We have been watching some hundred of fellaheen at work amid clouds of sand upon the embankments of a new canal. The Nile here must be nearly a half mile in breadth. One can but feel sorry for the fellah, frugal, patient, easily contented as he is. No promise of wages, however high, would tempt him from his native village, says our dragoman.

Egypt is the land of nitre, and here at Denderah tanks were sunk about twenty years ago. The nitre then found was washed and crystallized in the tanks and converted into gun powder in the nearby workshops. But what has modern warfare to do with Hathor, the lady of beauty, the Egyptian Aphrodite, to whom the mountain of wrought stone and all these waters were sacred? We were now near enough to see the facade covered with a multitude of sculptured figures, but disfigured by myriads of wasp nests like clustered mud bubbles. This is the main entrance to the temple of Hathor. The effect of the portico, as

one stands on the top, is one of overwhelming majesty; its breadth, its height, the massiveness of its parts exceeds in grandeur all we had anticipated. Looking up to the arch we see a procession of carven priests and warriors with musical instruments; strange forms of kings and gods cover every foot of wall space, frieze and pillar. Most of the details are as perfect as when the workman went his way.

The injury is from the hand of man. In no country has the hand of man achieved more and destroyed more than in Egypt. The Persians overthrew the masterpieces of the Pharaohs; the Copts mutilated the temples of the Ptolemies and Caesars; the Arabs stripped the pyramids and carried Memphis away piece-meal. This temple, built in the last seven hundred years, is now partly buried under twenty feet of debris.

One can easily imagine how the spoilers sacked and ravaged all before them; they hacked away the face of every figure on the outside of the building. However, the famous bas relief of Cleopatra is on the back of the temple. The inside walls were in places black with smoke. We were shocked when told that natives lived there until forced by the government to leave.

Here we learned the ceremonial of Egypt worship was essentially processional and that the temple was not a place of worship. It was a treasure house, a royal oratory, a sacristy, a place of preparation, of consecration. There in costly shrines dwelt the divine images perfumed with incense, visited and worshiped by the King. Probably none were admitted to these ceremonies but persons of royal and priestly birth; the mass of people were not allowed the worship of the gods.

On the ceiling of the portico is an astronomical zodiac and on the walls of a small temple on the roof the whole history of the resurrection of Osiris, together

with the order of prayer for the twelve hours of the night.

Bewildered at first sight of these profuse and mysterious decorations, we wander round and round, going on from the first hall to the second, from the second to the third, and plunging into deeper darkness at every step. We have been reading about these gods and emblems, we have studied the plan of the temple beforehand, yet now that we are actually here, our book knowledge goes for nothing, and we feel as hopelessly ignorant as if we had suddenly landed in a new world.

But our definition of Hathor is not merely the Aphrodite of ancient Egypt; she is the pupil of the eye of the sun; she is the goddess of that beneficent planet whose rising heralds the waters of the inundation; she represents the eternal youth of nature, and is the direct personification of the beautiful and is also Goddess of Truth. Is it any wonder such a temple was built in her honor?

We have a few hours on the sunny deck. Another sunset, presently night comes, the mountains disappear, the temple is blotted out, we sleep.

It was a hot, hazy morning in Luxor, ghosts of mountains glowing through the mist, and a warm wind blowing. The river winds away before us; the slender peak of an obelisk; a colonnade of giant pillars half buried in the soil; the white houses of the English, American and Prussian consuls, each with its flagstaff and ensign; a steep slope of sandy shore; a background of mud walls and pigeon towers; a fair crowd of native boats lying at anchor; this is our first panoramic view of this famous city.

Donkey boys, beggars, guides and dealers exhibiting scarabs and strings of beads, all alike regard us as their lawful prey. The donkey boys vociferate the names and praises of their beasts. "Hi, lady! Yankee Doodle donkey, try Yankee Doodle donkey!" "Far away, Moses!" yells another. "Good donkey, fast

donkey, best donkey in Luxor." This is what we came first to know of ancient Thebes. We are told it was once called "the hundred-gated Thebes," where four hundred men with horses and cars marched through the gates.

By electric light at 8 p. m. we only saw a group of turbaned officials sitting in an arched doorway rise and salute us as we passed a city built on both sides of the river. Since we are to spend our three nights in Luxor aboard the boat, we are back again, tired and sleepy; so to bed we go so as to make an early start to the temple in the morning.

Before closing my eyes at night I always return thanks for our safety, and think a while of home and its loved ones.

We rode around Karnak and Luxor temples this morning, magnificent ruins of a by-gone age, finished three hundred years B. C. under Rameses II, and for a mile are statues and Sphinxes without feature and with little form, since they were destroyed by the Christian invaders from Persia and Rome and almost totally destroyed by the Copts, Christian natives. The three obelisks are disfigured. Our dragoman said there are a thousand acres of ground in the two temples united by statuary and extending to the "Tombs of the Kings" in the side of the mountain. We never asked ourselves how, or when the ruin had been done; it was enough that the mighty had fallen. Ruined almost beyond recognition as it is, one never doubts for a moment that the statues of Rameses II are wonders of Egyptian workmanship.

Next in importance to Karnak, and second in interest to none of the Thebes ruins, is the large group of buildings known by the collective name of Medinet Habu. To attempt to describe these would be to undertake a task as hopeless as the description of Karnak. For it is of temples as of mountains—no two are alike—yet all sound so much alike when described that it is scarcely possible to write about them without becoming monotonous.

This afternoon we were in the Luxor temple in front of our boat landing and were surprised to learn the excavation of this huge temple had been completed in the last twenty years; from the houses on the hill above we saw the depth of debris that had been removed to bring these ruins to light. For ages the natives had lived above all this massive grandeur. We could but wonder what may yet be beneath us.

We have made our last excursion to the ruins at Luxor. Tomorrow morning at 7:30 we will leave by train for Cairo, due to reach there in twelve hours. Directly after breakfast we went for the day first to see the "Tombs of the Kings" in the cliffs opposite Luxor, and later to the tombs of the Theben nobles. Evidently the latter, with their wives and families, were a joyous set. So they decorated the walls of their tombs with pictures of the way in which their lives were spent, and hoped, perhaps, that the mummy, dreaming away its long term of solitary waiting, might take comfort in those shadowy reminiscences.

The Kings, on the contrary, covered every foot of their last places with scenes from the life to come, the wanderings of the soul after its separation from the body, the terrors and dangers that beset it during its journey through Hades and the demons it must frighten. These afforded subject for endless illustrations.

To go down into the sepulchre of a King was impossible for me, since it was down many steps into depths of utter darkness, but this is what I've been told is there: The walls swarm with ugly and evil things, serpents, bats and crocodiles, some with human heads and legs, some vomiting fire, some armed with spears and darts, pursue and torture the wicked. These unfortunates have their hearts torn out, are suspended head downwards over seas of flame, are speared, decapitated and driven in headless gangs to scenes of further torment. Beheld by the dim light of candles these painted horrors assume a ghastly reality. The place is ghostly and peopled with nightmares. These

tombs in a general way are very much alike. Some are longer than others, some loftier. Certain leading features are common to all. The great serpent, the scarab, the bat, the crocodile were always conspicuous on the outer wall.

To rob the dead was always a lucrative trade at Thebes, and we may be certain that the splendid Pharaohs who slept in the valley of the "Tombs of the Kings" went to their dark places magnificently equipped for the life to come, believing that their Kas—spirit ghosts—would enjoy the gold and silver vases, bows and jewels, furniture and shirts of mail in the tomb, and that their souls would come back after long cycles of probation and make their home once more in the mummied bodies. They thought they would rise as from sleep, cast off their bandages, eat, put on sandals and robes and go forth again into everlasting day. Poor ghosts, wandering bodiless through space!

One fancies you sighing forlorn through these desolate halls. That the body should not decay various amulets prepared with certain magical preparations and sanctified with prayers were distributed over the mummy. The immortality of the body was deemed as important as the passage of the soul.

Europe

THE voyage across the Mediterranean from Africa to Europe was in all respects delightful; the people, the weather, and the water combined charmingly to make real the history, the romance, the art which song and story had taught me. The bay of Naples, under a brilliant sky as blue as it is painted, was flecked with lights and shadows where it kisses the sand into opal tints and mother of pearl.

After seeing Egypt I will never again think of Naples as dirty. She has learned to wash her streets, sweep her yards and wipe the noses of her children. These people, living under the smoke of Vesuvius, sing and laugh while the old mountain threatens, and live without dread, building up high on the sides of the volcano that buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. There is a tramway to the old crater that has fallen in many feet since I saw it more than forty years ago. Our hotel is on the rim of the bay, our rooms commanding a view of Capri and other islands in the distance. At night when we dine musicians from the streets stand in the hall and sing for us; they are musical without culture, spontaneous as the flowers born of eternal spring. We also heard them on the boat from Capri, and as we drove down from Anacapri, upon whose heights the violets bloom, while farther up the trees are all aslant and swept with the winds, below us the sea ruffled by the breeze changed from emerald to sapphire.

We went in small boats to the Blue Grotto, of which all the world has heard. The entrance being only three feet high, it is difficult to go in, even when the sea is smooth; when rough it is not possible. The steamer anchored near, and two by two, as the animals went into the ark, we were allowed to get into the boats. As we neared the aperture, and as the swell receded, the boat was forced in, the boatman clinging to a wire cable while the incoming wave shoved the boat

through. We were told to slide down in the bottom of the boat so our heads would be below the sides of the boat. We were in like a flash, and then, through a blurred and dim vision the eyes became accustomed to the wonderful interior. Overhead were the ragged, gray, arching walls and roof. The silvery blue waters were calm and quiet. I can not describe it—it is marvelous, wonderful, away from the stormy sea, yet a part of it. I had a peculiar feeling of sadness as when looking at some boat fading from vision, or the last glimpse of the setting sun, so was glad when after about ten minutes we were again aboard the big boat.

Next came Pompeii, where we walked through the silent streets lined with roofless houses and saw the names of those who lived in them, when terror and death overtook them. There are temples, theatres, fountains and public baths, leaden water pipes with bronze cocks aside the foot paths. Through all the centuries they have so stood. After a night and day spent at Amalfi and Sorrento we left Naples for Rome.

Another week of ideal early spring days have been spent wandering about old Rome. Our first desire was to see St. Peter's Cathedral, so by 10 o'clock, the first day of Lent, we ascended the steps of the most famous church in Christendom, built on the spot where 'tis said St. Peter met his death. In entering, the heavy leathern curtain is so weighty that one scarcely has the strength to push it aside. One looks toward the far end stretching dim, huge, and gray with marble bronze columns and vast arches glittering in gold and bright colors. How empty description is to convey the slightest idea to those who have not seen this most wonderful work of art—am glad most of you have seen it.

Through Mrs. Griffin, of Atlanta, Ga., who was with us from California to India, and who comes frequently to winter in Rome, we secured an audience with Pope Pius X.

At 11:30 sharp we were admitted in one of the

audience chambers of the Vatican. Soon every chair which lined the wall of the room was taken either by some woman dressed in black with a black lace veil on her head, or a young woman in white with white veil, or a man in Tuxedo clothes, all awaiting in silence the coming of Pope Pius X.

Just after the clock struck twelve officers in full regalia entered the room adjoining ours. Following after was a cardinal and the "Holy Father," as he is invariably spoken of within the walls of the Vatican. Immediately all were on bended knees and remained so 'till the "Father" had given all an opportunity to kiss the emerald ring worn on the third finger of his left hand, thereby acknowledging the power of Catholicism, but not the infallibility of the Pope. It was a very solemn hour and when at the conclusion of ceremonies the "Father" stood in the center of the room and invoked divine favor on us, and on those whom we love wherever they might be, I was glad I was there. The sweet-faced, very feeble-voiced and decrepit old man of eighty years will soon be gone to his reward.

Our next city was Florence on the Arno. Upon the left bank of that muddy river stood our hotel, "Kirch Casali," more correctly styled a pension, well filled with students. My window overlooked the flower garden which was bright with jonquils, violets and pink azalias. I sighed to know that I had only time for a peep at them in the morning when I would love to have kissed them while recalling my own little beds of blossoms far away.

The streets of Florence are narrow but clean, the town has a well built, prosperous look. There are innumerable arcades filled with splendid statuary free to all. At the monastery of San Marco we saw the cell and relics of Savonarola, his desk, chair and sermons. In the church of Santa Croce are the tombs of Dante, Angelo, Galileo, Garibaldi, among others of the illustrious dead. I shall not forget the Medici Chapel with masterpieces by Michael Angelo nor the

Uffizi Gallery with its wonderful sculpture and painting.

Then we went to Venice, past villages inclosed in a semi-circle of snowy Alps. We passed through Cremona, which reminds us of sweet toned violins, and Verona, which contains the tomb of Juliet. Then the train runs along a bridge for two hours, the smell of the salt sea comes to us and we are in Venice, bags and selves transferred to a gondola, and we go up the Grand Canal to the Grand Hotel. Our last evening in Venice was spent in a gondola beneath the rays of a new moon. The next morning we were off for Milan. The Cathedral of Milan comes first, I fancy, for every tourist. The many pinnacles and thousands of statues made beautiful by frost-like net work, is of such exquisite finish that it seems impossible to have been done by hands.

We kept busy with churches, museums and looking in shop windows till 'twas time to leave for Genoa. All we know of Genoa we learned long ago from reading of Christopher Columbus, who set sail from here, but was not born in this city, but at a near-by fishing village. We went through the rain up a steep and narrow alley to an old house where we were told he lived with his parents, assisting his father in making sails for ships. The American government has bought the house. A day's ride beside Lake Maggiore on the one side and the snow-topped Alps on the other, through Simplon Pass, down the mountain to Montreux and Italy has again passed from my sight.

The French Riviera is a replica of the Italian, a sameness of old decayed villas, palaces and churches, mixed with luxurious modern residences. Picturesque old walls and ruined forts crown the heights jutting out to sea. We go past villages, lighthouses and shipping chains and ranges of mountains, glistening with snow, almost cast their shadows over the fields of oranges and lemons. I was surprised to find Nice as cold as in November at home. Nice is one mass of

white houses with tiled roofs, its wide streets fronting the water lined with immense hotels.

The Promenade des Anglais, stretching along the shore, the tree-lined streets, gay shops and suburbs are attractive. Of course we wanted to see Monte Carlo, so took the train in the evening after dinner and after a short run were in Monaco. Greek civilization first took root upon the rock of Monaco. Romans and Saracens came after. It was finally given back by Napoleon to the Grimaldi, but now this little capital—being two by three miles in area—is ruled by a prince with about three thousand subjects. The new town above the dazzling water is infested by men and women clothed in all the beautiful creations of the day—these fill the exquisite gambling rooms of Monte Carlo and take good care of the idle ruler and his subjects of Monaco.

The Casino is a superb building in a point high above the sea. Vines and semi-tropical plants cover the sheer wall. There are gardens well planned, paths bordered with flowers. There are hotels, restaurants and music—in fact, every variety of pleasure is given here to attract and ensnare. Were I an artist I should wish to study faces as they cluster around the tables. Hope, joy, dogged determination and despair—all show the intense strain of those who play often. Except in a few instances I saw women betting as heavily as men; not young women as a rule, but old, poorly dressed, yet often overloaded with jewelry, with swollen eyes and frowzy hair. As a foil to these, wandering among the tables or playing in an idle way, were women in the latest Parisian toilettes, furs, costly laces and dainty gowns. The saloon where the money is raked in is gorgeous with decorated panels, sculpture and painting.

The whole world seemingly is in Paris—it is alluring and everything is here to make one happy—art, music and drama, life in its best, or worst, phases, elevating or debasing. It is worth a great deal to be in

the crowds thronging the streets, yet pedestrians have a hard time. One day that was like spring, warm, bright and beautiful, we drove through Champs Elysee to Bois de Boulogne, where we had "tea" in one of the many cafes. The trees were in tender green, the grass was filled with tiny blossoms, and the delightful fragrance of springtime filled the air. The exquisite views are beautiful. The never-ending line of cabs, splendid teams, private carriages and automobiles filled with teeming life, and a wedding party on parade—being the style with the middle classes—but an absence of children; instead of their dainty, sweet faces peering through the windows of carriages, resting cozily in unmotherly arms, was the shaggy head and form of the everlasting French poodle. After a cup of tea and looking 'till we wearied, we drove further into the beautiful woods of the Bois.

I will not attempt to tell you of the delights of Paris—the most beautiful, the most brilliant city of the world. Of course, we went down the Seine to St. Cloud and later to Versailles. Many hours we spent in the Louvre, the Luxembourg galleries, the Pantheon, Cluny Museum, Madeleine and Notre Dame churches and Pere le Chaise, in fact, all the historic spots of Paris where one would love to linger. What I most enjoyed in France was the trip I made with the Paris sketch club, "Les Croquies," down into the country of the Chateaux. Of all this I must tell you some day.

Two days after the artist trip we went to Fontainebleau, whose royal forest still stands to remind one of the time these hunting grounds were the favorite recreation place of the nobility of France. This beautiful place was the last of our stay in France—then it was Calais to Dover and back again where the queen's English is spoken.

In England we spent a month, especially enjoying a trip to Shakespeare's country.

After one's brain has registered many new impressions every day for a year—after the mental stim-

ulation and physical exaltation of viewing strange sights and scenes for so long a time, there follows a sort of lassitude, a mental weariness that dulls one's sense of appreciation—then it's time to go home. Did you never see a child seemingly content with strangers yet you were conscious of a wistfulness in his eye, and at the approach of his mother all else was forgotten in the welcome embrace, and with tired head and satisfied heart he was soon fast asleep on mother's breast? Well, that's my experience when aboard the steamer from Southampton to New York, where memories passed in review before me, memories of a glorious journey soon happily ended, but uppermost was the joy of anticipation, the welcoming lovelight in friendship's eyes, the warm embrace of my boys, the touch of whose fingers will soon smooth out the tired lines—this was home.

“God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each, one spot should prove
Beloved over all.”

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